

A
THACKERAY READER

BY
MRS. GEORGE SMITH



With the
Publishers' Compliments.

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Uniform with A Thackeray Reader

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PREFACE

THE purpose of this little book is to introduce school boys and girls to some of the scenes and characters in Thackeray's writings, in the hope that interest or curiosity will induce many of them later on to turn to his books and read them for themselves. It must be admitted that Thackeray is not always easy reading ; his frequent use of foreign words and phrases and his literary and classical allusions demand a fair amount of education and experience even in the adult reader. But there is also much in his writings that any one can understand and enjoy. Thackeray was a master of fun as well as of satire, and his humour, generally sarcastic but often breaking into sheer boisterous high spirits, appeals to old and young alike. And his understanding of children is complete. Those in his books are as charmingly natural and life-like as the boys and girls drawn by John Leech for Punch. Above all, his warm sympathy with human nature, never really concealed beneath his satirical manner, his hatred of everything that is hypocritical and mean, and his belief in goodness, though goodness may be unrecognized and unrewarded, make Thackeray an author whom it is good to read early and to know well.

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FROM 'VANITY FAIR'

CHISWICK MALL

WHILE the present century was in its teens, and on one sunshiny morning in June, there drove up to the great iron gate of Miss Pinkerton's academy for young ladies, on Chiswick Mall, a large family coach, with two fat horses in blazing harness, driven by a fat coachman in a three-cornered hat and wig, at the rate of four miles an hour. A black servant, who reposed on the box beside the fat coachman, uncurled his bandy legs as soon as the equipage drew up opposite Miss Pinkerton's shining brass plate, and as he pulled the bell, at least a score of young heads were seen peering out of the narrow windows of the stately old brick house. Nay, the acute observer might have recognized the little red nose of good-natured Miss Jemima Pinkerton herself, rising over some geranium-pots in the window of that lady's own drawing-room.

'It is Mrs. Sedley's coach, sister,' said Miss Jemima. 'Sambo, the black servant, has just rung the bell; and the coachman has a new red waistcoat.'

'Have you completed all the necessary preparations incident to Miss Sedley's departure, Miss Jemima?' asked Miss Pinkerton herself, that majestic lady; the Semiramis of Harfimersmith, the friend of Doctor Johnson, the correspondent of Mrs. Chapone herself.

'The girls were up at four this morning, packing her trunks, sister,' replied Miss Jemima; 'we have made her a bow-pot.'

'Say a bouquet, sister Jemima, 'tis more genteel.'

‘ Well, a booky as big almost as a haystack ; I have put up two bottles of the gillyflower-water for Mrs. Sedley, and the receipt for making it, in Amelia’s box.’

‘ And I trust, Miss Jemima, you have made a copy of Miss Sedley’s account. This is it, is it ? Very good—ninety-three pounds, four shillings. Be kind enough to address it to John Sedley, Esquire, and to seal this billet which I have written to his lady.’

In Miss Jemima’s eyes an autograph letter of her sister, Miss Pinkerton, was an object of as deep veneration, as would have been a letter from a sovereign. Only when her pupils quitted the establishment, or when they were about to be married, and once, when poor Miss Birch died of the scarlet fever, was Miss Pinkerton known to write personally to the parents of her pupils ; and it was Jemima’s opinion that if anything *could* console Mrs. Birch for her daughter’s loss, it would be that pious and eloquent composition in which Miss Pinkerton announced the event.

In the present instance, Miss Pinkerton’s ‘ billet ’ was to the following effect :—

THE MALL, CHISWICK, June 15, 18—.

MAMAM,—After her six years’ residence at the Mall, I have the honour and happiness of presenting Miss Amelia Sedley to her parents, as a young lady not unworthy to occupy a fitting position in their polished and refined circle. Those virtues which characterize the young English gentlewoman, those accomplishments which become her birth and station, will not be found wanting in the amiable Miss Sedley, whose *industry* and *obedience* have endeared her to her instructors, and whose delightful sweetness of temper has charmed her *aged* and her *youthful* companions.

In music, in dancing, in orthography, in every variety of embroidery and needlework, she will be found to have realized her friends’ *fondest wishes*. In geography there is still much to be desired ; and a careful and undeviating use of the backboard, for four hours daily during the next three years, is recommended as necessary to the acquirement of that dignified *deportment and carriage*, so requisite for every young lady of *fashion*.

In the principles of religion and morality, Miss Sedley will be found worthy of an establishment which has been honoured by the presence of *The Great Lexicographer*, and the patronage of the admirable Mrs. Chapone. In leaving the Mall, Miss Amelia carries with her the hearts of her companions, and the affectionate regards of her mistress, who has the honour to subscribe herself,

Madam,

Your most obliged humble servant,

BARBARA PINKERTON.

PS.—Miss Sharp accompanies Miss Sedley. It is particularly requested that Miss Sharp's stay in Russell Square may not exceed ten days. The family of distinction with whom she is engaged desire to avail themselves of her services as soon as possible.

This letter completed, Miss Pinkerton proceeded to write her own name, and Miss Sedley's, in the fly-leaf of a Johnson's Dictionary—the interesting work which she invariably presented to her scholars, on their departure from the Mall. On the cover was inserted a copy of 'Lines addressed to a young lady on quitting Miss Pinkerton's school, at the Mall; by the late revered Doctor Samuel Johnson.' In fact, the lexicographer's name was always on the lips of this majestic woman, and a visit he had paid to her was the cause of her reputation and her fortune.

Being commanded by her elder sister to get 'the Dictionary' from the cupboard, Miss Jemima had extracted two copies of the book from the receptacle in question. When Miss Pinkerton had finished the inscription in the first, Jemima, with rather a dubious and timid air, handed her the second.

'For whom is this, Miss Jemima?' said Miss Pinkerton, with awful coldness.

'For Becky Sharp,' answered Jemima, trembling very much, and blushing over her withered face and neck, as she turned her back on her sister. 'For Becky Sharp: she's going too.'

'MISS JEMIMA!' exclaimed Miss Pinkerton, in the

largest capitals. 'Are you in your senses? Replace the Dixonary in the closet, and never venture to take such a liberty in future.'

'Well, sister, it's only two-and-ninepence, and poor Becky will be miserable if she don't get one.'

'Send Miss Sedley instantly to me,' said Miss Pinkerton. And so, venturing not to say another word, poor Jemima trotted off, exceedingly flurried and nervous.

Miss Sedley's papa was a merchant in London, and a man of some wealth; whereas Miss Sharp was an articulated pupil, for whom Miss Pinkerton had done, as she thought, quite enough, without conferring upon her at parting the high honour of the Dixonary.

Although schoolmistresses' letters are to be trusted no more nor less than churchyard epitaphs; yet, as it sometimes happens that a person departs this life, who is really deserving of all the praises the stone-cutter carves over his bones; who is a good Christian, a good parent, child, wife or husband; who actually *does* leave a disconsolate family to mourn his loss; so in academies of the male and female sex it occurs every now and then, that the pupil is fully worthy of the praises bestowed by the disinterested instructor. Now, Miss Amelia Sedley was a young lady of this singular species, and deserved not only all that Miss Pinkerton said in her praise, but had many charming qualities which that pompous old Minerva of a woman could not see, from the differences of rank and age between her pupil and herself.

For she could not only sing like a lark, or a Mrs. Billington, and dance like Hillisberg or Parisot; and embroider beautifully; and spell as well as the Dixonary itself; but she had such a kindly, smiling, tender, gentle, generous heart of her own, as won the love of everybody who came near her, from Minerva herself down to the poor girl in

the scullery, and the one-eyed tartwoman's daughter, who was permitted to vend her wares once a week to the young ladies in the Mall. She had twelve intimate and bosom friends out of the twenty-four young ladies. Even envious Miss Briggs never spoke ill of her : high and mighty Miss Saltire (Lord Dexter's granddaughter) allowed that her figure was genteel : and as for Miss Swartz, the rich woolly-haired mulatto from St. Kitts, on the day Amelia went away, she was in such a passion of tears, that they were obliged to send for Dr. Floss, and half tipsify her with sal volatile. Miss Pinkerton's attachment was, as may be supposed, from the high position and eminent virtues of that lady, calm and dignified ; but Miss Jemima had already whimpered several times at the idea of Amelia's departure ; and, but for fear of her sister, would have gone off in downright hysterics, like the heiress (who paid double) of St. Kitts. Such luxury of grief, however, is only allowed to parlour-boarders. Honest Jemima had all the bills, and the washing, and the mending, and the puddings, and the plate and crockery, and the servants to superintend. But why speak about her ? It is probable that we shall not hear of her again from this moment to the end of time, and that when the great filigree iron gates are once closed on her, she and her awful sister will never issue therefrom into this little world of history.

But as we are to see a great deal of Amelia, there is no harm in saying, at the outset of our acquaintance, that she was a dear little creature ; and a great mercy it is, both in life and in novels, which (and the latter especially) abound in villains of the most sombre sort, that we are to have for a constant companion, so guileless and good-natured a person. As she is not a heroine, there is no need to describe her person ; indeed I am afraid that her nose was rather short than otherwise, and her cheeks

a great deal too round and red for a heroine ; but her face blushed with rosy health, and her lips with the freshest of smiles, and she had a pair of eyes, which sparkled with the brightest and honestest good-humour, except indeed when they filled with tears, and that was a great deal too often ; for the silly thing would cry over a dead canary bird ; or over a mouse, that the cat haply had seized upon ; or over the end of a novel, were it ever so stupid ; and as for saying an unkind word to her, were any persons hard-hearted enough to do so—why, so much the worse for them. Even Miss Pinkerton, that austere and god-like woman, ceased scolding her after the first time, and though she no more comprehended sensibility than she did algebra, gave all masters and teachers particular orders to treat Miss Sedley with the utmost gentleness, as harsh treatment was injurious to her.

So that when the day of departure came, between her two customs of laughing and crying, Miss Sedley was greatly puzzled how to act. She was glad to go home, and yet most wofully sad at leaving school. For three days before, little Laura Martin, the orphan, followed her about, like a little dog. She had to make and receive at least fourteen presents,—to make fourteen solemn promises of writing every week : ‘ Send my letters under cover to my grandpapa, the Earl of Dexter,’ said Miss Saltire (who, by the way, was rather shabby) : ‘ Never mind the postage, but write every day, you dear darling,’ said the impetuous and woolly-headed, but generous and affectionate Miss Swartz ; and the orphan, little Laura Martin (who was just in round-hand), took her friend’s hand and said, looking up in her face wistfully, ‘ Amelia, when I write to you I shall call you mamma.’ All which details, I have no doubt, Jones, who reads this book at his Club, will pronounce to be excessively foolish, trivial, twaddling, and

ultra-sentimental. Yes ; I can see Jones at this minute (rather flushed with his joint of mutton and half-pint of wine), taking out his pencil and scoring under the words ' foolish, twaddling,' &c., and adding to them his own remark of ' *quite true* '. Well, he is a lofty man of genius, and admires the great and heroic in life and novels ; and so had better take warning and go elsewhere.

Well, then. The flowers, and the presents, and the trunks, and bonnet-boxes of Miss Sedley having been arranged by Mr. Sambo in the carriage, together with a very small and weather-beaten old cow's-skin trunk with Miss Sharp's card neatly nailed upon it, which was delivered by Sambo with a grin, and packed by the coachman with a corresponding sneer—the hour for parting came ; and the grief of that moment was considerably lessened by the admirable discourse which Miss Pinkerton addressed to her pupil. Not that the parting speech caused Amelia to philosophize, or that it armed her in any way with a calmness, the result of argument ; but it was intolerably dull, pompous, and tedious ; and having the fear of her school-mistress greatly before her eyes, Miss Sedley did not venture, in her presence, to give way to any ebullitions of private grief. A seed-cake and a bottle of wine were produced in the drawing-room, as on the solemn occasions of the visit of parents, and these refreshments being partaken of, Miss Sedley was at liberty to depart.

' You'll go in and say good-bye to Miss Pinkerton, Becky ! ' said Miss Jemima to a young lady of whom nobody took any notice, and who was coming downstairs with her own handbox.

' I suppose I must,' said Miss Sharp calmly, and much to the wonder of Miss Jemima ; and the latter having knocked at the door and receiving permission to come in, Miss Sharp advanced in a very unconcerned manner, and

said in French, and with a perfect accent, '*Mademoiselle, je viens vous faire mes adieux.*'

Miss Pinkerton did not understand French; she only directed those who did: but biting her lips and throwing up her venerable and Roman-nosed head (on the top of which figured a large and solemn turban), she said, 'Miss Sharp, I wish you a good morning.' As the Hammersmith Semiramis spoke, she waved one hand, both by way of adieu, and to give Miss Sharp an opportunity of shaking one of the fingers of the hand which was left out for that purpose.

Miss Sharp only folded her own hands with a very frigid smile and bow, and quite declined to accept the proffered honour; on which Semiramis tossed up her turban more indignantly than ever. In fact, it was a little battle between the young lady and the old one, and the latter was worsted. 'Heaven bless you, my child,' said she, embracing Amelia, and scowling the while over the girl's shoulder at Miss Sharp. 'Come away, Becky,' said Miss Jemima, pulling the young woman away in great alarm, and the drawing-room door closed upon them for ever.

Then came the struggle and parting below. Words refuse to tell it. All the servants were there in the hall—all the dear friends—all the young ladies—the dancing-master who had just arrived; and there was such a scuffling, and hugging, and kissing, and crying, with the hysterical *yooops* of Miss Swartz, the parlour-boarder, from her room, as no pen can depict, and as the tender heart would fain pass over. The embracing was over; they parted—that is, Miss Sedley parted from her friends. Miss Sharp had demurely entered the carriage some minutes before. Nobody cried for leaving *her*.

Sambo of the bandy-legs slammed the carriage-door on his young weeping mistress. He sprang up behind the

carriage. 'Stop!' cried Miss Jemima, rushing to the gate with a parcel.

'It's some sandwiches, my dear,' said she to Amelia. 'You may be hungry, you know; and Becky, Becky Sharp, here's a book for you that my sister—that is, I—Johnson's Dictionary, you know; you mustn't leave us without that. Good-bye. Drive on, coachman. God bless you!'

And the kind creature retreated into the garden, overcome with emotions.

But, lo! and just as the coach drove off, Miss Sharp put her pale face out of the window, and actually flung the book back into the garden.

This almost caused Jemima to faint with terror. 'Well, I never,'—said she—'what an audacious——' Emotion prevented her from completing either sentence. The carriage rolled away; the great gates were closed; the bell rang for the dancing lesson. The world is before the two young ladies; and so, farewell to Chiswick Mall.

CUFF'S FIGHT WITH DOBBIN

CUFF's fight with Dobbin, and the unexpected issue of that contest, will long be remembered by every man who was educated at Dr. Swishtail's famous school. The latter youth (who used to be called Heigh-ho Dobbin, Gee-ho Dobbin, and by many other names indicative of puerile contempt) was the quietest, the clumsiest, and, as it seemed, the dullest of all Dr. Swishtail's young gentlemen. His parent was a grocer in the city: and it was bruited abroad that he was admitted into Dr. Swishtail's academy upon what are called 'mutual principles'—that is to say, the expenses of his board and schooling were

defrayed by his father in goods, not money ; and he stood there—almost at the bottom of the school—in his scraggy corduroys and jacket, through the seams of which his great big bones were bursting—as the representative of so many pounds of tea, candles, sugar, mottled-soap, plums (of which a very mild proportion was supplied for the puddings of the establishment), and other commodities. A dreadful day it was for young Dobbin when one of the youngsters of the school, having run into the town upon a poaching excursion for hardbake and polonies, espied the cart of Dobbin & Rudge, Grocers and Oilmen, Thames Street, London, at the doctor's door, discharging a cargo of the wares in which the firm dealt.

Young Dobbin had no peace after that. The jokes were frightful, and merciless against him. 'Hullo, Dobbin,' one wag would say, 'here's good news in the paper. Sugars is ris', my boy. Another would set a sum—'If a round of mutton-candles cost sevenpence-halfpenny, how much must Dobbin cost?' and a roar would follow from all the circle of young knaves, usher and all, who rightly considered that the selling of goods by retail is a shameful and infamous practice, meriting the contempt and scorn of all real gentlemen.

'Your father's only a merchant, Osborne,' Dobbin said in private to the little boy who had brought down the storm upon him. At which the latter replied haughtily, 'My father's a gentleman, and keeps his carriage;' and Mr. William Dobbin retreated to a remote out-house in the playground, where he passed a half-holiday in the bitterest sadness and woe. Who amongst us is there that does not recollect similar hours of bitter, bitter childish grief? Who feels injustice; who shrinks before a slight; who has a sense of wrong so acute, and so glowing a gratitude for kindness, as a generous boy? and how many of those

gentle souls do you degrade, estrange, torture, for the sake of a little loose arithmetic, and miserable dog-Latin?

Now, William Dobbin, from an incapacity to acquire the rudiments of the above language, as they are propounded in that wonderful book the Eton Latin Grammar, was compelled to remain among the very last of Dr. Swishtail's scholars, and was 'taken down' continually by little fellows with pink faces and pinafores when he marched up with the lower form, a giant amongst them, with his down-cast stupefied look, his dog's-eared primer, and his tight corduroys. High and low, all made fun of him. They sewed up those corduroys, tight as they were. They cut his bed-strings. They upset buckets and benches, so that he might break his shins over them, which he never failed to do. They sent him parcels, which, when opened, were found to contain the paternal soap and candles. There was no little fellow but had his jeer and joke at Dobbin; and he bore everything quite patiently, and was entirely dumb and miserable.

Cuff, on the contrary, was the great chief and dandy of the Swishtail Seminary. He smuggled wine in. He fought the town-boys. Ponies used to come for him to ride home on Saturdays. He had his top-boots in his room, in which he used to hunt in the holidays. He had a gold repeater: and took snuff like the Doctor. He had been to the Opera, and knew the merits of the principal actors, preferring Mr. Kean to Mr. Kemble. He could knock you off forty Latin verses in an hour. He could make French poetry. What else didn't he know, or couldn't he do? They said even the Doctor himself was afraid of him.

Cuff, the unquestioned king of the school, ruled over his subjects and bullied them, with splendid superiority. This one blacked his shoes: that toasted his bread; others would fag out, and give him balls at cricket during whole summer

afternoons. 'Figs' was the fellow whom he despised most, and with whom, though always abusing him, and sneering at him, he scarcely ever condescended to hold personal communication.

One day in private, the two young gentlemen had had a difference. Figs, alone in the schoolroom, was blundering over a home letter ; when Cuff, entering, bade him go upon some message, of which tarts were probably the subject.

'I can't,' says Dobbin ; 'I want to finish my letter.'

'You *can't*?' says Mr. Cuff, laying hold of that document (in which many words were scratched out, many were misspelt, on which had been spent I don't know how much thought, and labour, and tears ; for the poor fellow was writing to his mother, who was fond of him, although she was a grocer's wife, and lived in a back-parlour in Thames Street). 'You *can't*?' says Mr. Cuff : 'I should like to know why, pray ? Can't you write to old Mother Figs to-morrow ?'

'Don't call names,' Dobbin said, getting off the bench, very nervous.

'Well, sir, will you go ?' crowed the cock of the school.

'Put down the letter,' Dobbin replied ; 'no gentleman readth letterth.'

'Well, *now* will you go ?' says the other.

'No, I won't. Don't strike, or I'll *thmash* you,' roars out Dobbin, springing to a leaden inkstand, and looking so wicked, that Mr. Cuff paused, turned down his coat-sleeves again, put his hands into his pockets, and walked away with a sneer. But he never meddled personally with the grocer's boy after that ; though we must do him the justice to say he always spoke of Mr. Dobbin with contempt behind his back.

Some time after this interview, it happened that Mr. Cuff,

on a sunshiny afternoon, was in the neighbourhood of poor William Dobbin, who was lying under a tree in the playground, spelling over a favourite copy of the *Arabian Nights* which he had—apart from the rest of the school, who were pursuing their various sports—quite lonely, and almost happy. If people would but leave children to themselves ; if teachers would cease to bully them ; if parents would not insist upon directing their thoughts, and dominating their feelings—those feelings and thoughts which are a mystery to all (for how much do you and I know of each other, of our children, of our fathers, of our neighbour, and how far more beautiful and sacred are the thoughts of the poor lad or girl whom you govern likely to be, than those of the dull and world-corrupted person who rules him ?)—if, I say, parents and masters would leave their children alone a little more,—small harm would accrue, although a less quantity of *as in praesenti* might be acquired.

Well, William Dobbin had for once forgotten the world, and was away with Sindbad the Sailor in the Valley of Diamonds, or with Prince Ahmed and the Fairy Peribanou in that delightful cavern where the prince found her, and whither we should all like to make a tour ; when shrill cries, as of a little fellow weeping, woke up his pleasant reverie ; and, looking up, he saw Cuff before him, belabouring a little boy.

It was the lad who had peached upon him about the grocer's cart ; but he bore little malice, not at least towards the young and small. ' How dare you, sir, break the bottle ? ' says Cuff to the little urchin, swinging a yellow cricket-stump over him.

The boy had been instructed to get over the playground wall (at a selected spot where the broken-glass had been removed from the top, and niches made convenient in the brick) ; to run a quarter of a mile ; to purchase a pint

of rum-shrub on credit ; to brave all the Doctor's outlying spies, and to clambér back into the playground again ; during the performance of which feat his foot had slipped, and the bottle was broken, and the shrub had been spilt, and his pantaloons had been damaged, and he appeared before his employer a perfectly guilty and trembling, though harmless, wretch.

' How dare you, sir, break it ? ' says Cuff ; ' you blundering little thief. You drank the shrub, and now you pretend to have broken the bottle. Hold out your hand, sir.'

Down came the stump with a great heavy thump on the child's hand. A moan followed. Dobbin looked up. The Prince Peribanou had fled into the inmost cavern with Prince Ahmed : the Roc had whisked away Sindbad the Sailor out of the Valley of Diamonds out of sight, far into the clouds : and there was everyday life before honest William ; and a big boy beating a little one without cause.

' Hold out your other hand, sir,' roars Cuff to his little schoolfellow, whose face was distorted with pain. Dobbin quivered, and gathered himself up in his narrow old clothes.

' Take that, you little devil ! ' cried Mr. Cuff, and down came the wicket again on the child's hand.—Don't be horrified, ladies ; every boy at a public school has done it. Your children will so do and be done by, in all probability. Down came the wicket again ; and Dobbin started up.

I can't tell what his motive was. Torture in a public school is as much licensed as the knout in Russia. It would be ungentlemanlike (in a manner) to resist it. Perhaps Dobbin's foolish soul revolted against that exercise of tyranny ; or perhaps he had a hankering feeling of revenge in his mind, and longed to measure himself against that splendid bully and tyrant, who had all the glory, pride, pomp, circumstance, banners flying, drums beating, guards saluting, in the place. Whatever may have been his

incentive, however, up he sprang, and screamed out, 'Hold off, Cuff; don't bully that child any more; or I'll——'

'Or you'll what?' Cuff asked in amazement at this interruption. 'Hold out your hand, you little beast.'

'I'll give you the worst thrashing you ever had in your life,' Dobbin said, in reply to the first part of Cuff's sentence; and little Osborne, gasping and in tears, looked up with wonder and incredulity at seeing this amazing champion put up suddenly to defend him: while Cuff's astonishment was scarcely less. Fancy our late monarch George III when he heard of the revolt of the North American colonies: fancy brazen Goliath when little David stepped forward and claimed a meeting; and you have the feelings of Mr. Reginald Cuff when this rencontre was proposed to him.

'After school,' says he, of course; after a pause and a look, as much as to say, 'Make your will, and communicate your best wishes to your friends between this time and that.'

'As you please,' Dobbin said. 'You must be my bottle-holder, Osborne.'

'Well, if you like,' little Osborne replied; for you see his papa kept a carriage, and he was rather ashamed of his champion.

Yes, when the hour of battle came, he was almost ashamed to say 'Go it, Figs'; and not a single other boy in the place uttered that cry for the first two or three rounds of this famous combat; at the commencement of which the scientific Cuff, with a contemptuous smile on his face, and as light and as gay as if he was at a ball, planted his blows upon his adversary, and floored that unlucky champion three times running. At each fall there was a cheer; and everybody was anxious to have the honour of offering the conqueror a knee.

'What a licking I shall get when it's over,' young Osborne thought, picking up his man. 'You'd best give in,' he said to Dobbin; 'it's only a thrashing, Figs, and you know I'm used to it.' But Figs, all whose limbs were in a quiver, and whose nostrils were breathing rage, put his little bottle-holder aside, and went in for a fourth time.

As he did not in the least know how to parry the blows that were aimed at himself, and Cuff had begun the attack on the three preceding occasions, without ever allowing his enemy to strike, Figs now determined that he would commence the engagement by a charge on his own part; and accordingly, being a left-handed man, brought that arm into action, and hit out a couple of times with all his might—once at Mr. Cuff's left eye, and once on his beautiful Roman nose.

Cuff went down this time, to the astonishment of the assembly. 'Well hit, by Jove,' says little Osborne, with the air of a connoisseur, clapping his man on the back. 'Give it him with the left, Figs, my boy.'

Figs's left made terrific play during all the rest of the combat. Cuff went down every time. At the sixth round there were almost as many fellows shouting out, 'Go it, Figs,' as there were youths exclaiming, 'Go it, Cuff.' At the twelfth round the latter champion was all abroad, as the saying is, and had lost all presence of mind and power of attack or defence. Figs, on the contrary, was as calm as a quaker. His face being quite pale, his eyes shining open, and a great cut on his under-lip bleeding profusely, gave this young fellow a fierce and ghastly air, which perhaps struck terror into many spectators. Nevertheless, his intrepid adversary prepared to close for the thirteenth time.

If I had the pen of a Napier, or a *Bell's Life*, I should like to describe this combat properly. It was the last charge

of the Guard (that is, *it would* have been, only Waterloo had not yet taken place)—it was Ney's column breasting the hill of La Haye Sainte, bristling with ten thousand bayonets, and crowned with twenty eagles—it was the shout of the beef-eating British, as leaping down the hill they rushed to hug the enemy in the savage arms of battle—in other words, Cuff coming up full of pluck, but quite reeling and groggy, the Fig-merchant put in his left as usual on his adversary's nose, and sent him down for the last time.

'I think *that* will do for him,' Figs said, as his opponent dropped as neatly on the green as I have seen Jack Spot's ball plump into the pocket at billiards; and the fact is, when time was called, Mr. Reginald Cuff was not able, or did not choose, to stand up again.

And now all the boys set up such a shout for Figs as would make you think he had been their darling champion through the whole battle; and as absolutely brought Dr. Swishtail out of his study, curious to know the cause of the uproar. He threatened to flog Figs violently, of course; but Cuff, who had come to himself by this time, and was washing his wounds, stood up and said, 'It's my fault, sir—not Figs's—not Dobbin's. I was bullying a little boy; and he served me right.' By which magnanimous speech he not only saved his conqueror a whipping, but got back all his ascendancy over the boys which his defeat had nearly cost him.

Young Osborne wrote home to his parents an account of the transaction.

SUGARCANE HOUSE, RICHMOND, March, 18—.

DEAR MAMA,—I hope you are quite well. I should be much obliged to you to send me a cake and five shillings. There has been a fight here between Cuff & Dobbin. Cuff, you know, was the Cock of the School. They fought thirteen rounds, and Dobbin Licked. So Cuff is now Only Second Cock. The fight was about me. Cuff

was licking me for breaking a bottle of milk, and Figs wouldn't stand it. We call him Figs because his father is a Grocer. Figs & Rudge, Thames St., City—I think as he fought for me you ought to buy your Tea & Sugar at his father's. Cuff goes home every Saturday, but can't this, because he has 2 Black Eyes. He has a white Pony to come and fetch him, and a groom in livery on a bay mare. I wish my Papa would let me have a Pony, and I am,

Your dutiful Son,

GEORGE SEDLEY OSBORNE.

PS.—Give my love to little Emmy. I am cutting her out a Coach in cardboard. Please not a seed-cake, but a plum-cake.

In consequence of Dobbin's victory, his character rose prodigiously in the estimation of all his schoolfellows, and the name of Figs, which had been a byword of reproach, became as respectable and popular a nickname as any other in use in the school. 'After all, it's not his fault that his father's a grocer,' George Osborne said, who, though a little chap, had a very high popularity among the Swish-tail youth; and his opinion was received with great applause. It was voted low to sneer at Dobbin about this accident of birth. 'Old Figs' grew to be a name of kindness and endearment; and the sneak of an usher jeered at him no longer.

And Dobbin's spirit rose with his altered circumstances. He made wonderful advances in scholastic learning. The superb Cuff himself, at whose condescension Dobbin could only blush and wonder, helped him on with his Latin verses; 'coached' him in play-hours; carried him triumphantly out of the little-boy class into the middle-sized form; and even there got a fair place for him. It was discovered, that although dull at classical learning, at mathematics he was uncommonly quick. To the contentment of all, he passed third in algebra, and got a French prize-book at the public midsummer examination. You should have seen his mother's face when *Télémaque* (that delicious romance) was presented to him by the Doctor

in the face of the whole school and the parents and company, with an inscription to Gulielmo Dobbin. All the boys clapped hands in token of applause and sympathy. His blushes, his stumbles, his awkwardness, and the number of feet which he crushed as he went back to his place, who shall describe or calculate? Old Dobbin, his father, who now respected him for the first time, gave him two guineas publicly; most of which he spent in a general tuck-out for the school: and he came back in a tail-coat after the holidays.

A TRAGIC STORY

(FROM THE GERMAN)

THERE lived a sage in days of yore,
And he a handsome pigtail wore ;
But wondered much and sorrowed more
Because it hung behind him.

He mused upon this curious case,
And swore he'd change the pigtail's place,
And have it hanging at his face,
Not dangling there behind him.

Says he, ' The mystery I've found,—
I'll turn me round,'—he turned him round ;
But still it hung behind him.

Then round, and round, and out and in,
All day the puzzled sage did spin ;
In vain—it mattered not a pin,—
The pigtail hung behind him.

And right, and left, and round about,
And up, and down, and in, and out,
He turned ; but still the pigtail stout
Hung steadily behind him.

And though his efforts never slack,
And though he twist, and twirl, and tack,
Alas ! still faithful to his back
The pigtail hangs behind him.

FROM 'PENDENNIS'

PEN MEETS AN OLD SCHOOLFELLOW

WHILE these natural sentiments were waging war and trouble in honest Pen's bosom, it chanced one day that he rode into Chatteris, for the purpose of carrying to the *County Chronicle* a tremendous and thrilling poem for the next week's paper ; and putting up his horse, according to custom, at the stables of the ' George Hotel ' there, he fell in with an old acquaintance. A grand black tandem, with scarlet wheels, came rattling into the inn yard, as Pen stood there in converse with the ostler about Rebecca ; and the voice of the driver called out, ' Hallo, Pendennis, is that you ? ' in a loud patronizing manner. Pen had some difficulty in recognizing under the broad-brimmed hat and the vast great-coats and neckcloths, with which the newcomer was habited, the person and figure of his quondam schoolfellow, Mr. Foker.

A year's absence had made no small difference in that gentleman. A youth who had been deservedly whipped a few months previously, and who spent his pocket-money on tarts and hardbake, now appeared before Pen in one of those costumes to which the public consent, which I take to be quite as influential in this respect as Johnson's Dictionary, has awarded the title of 'swell.' He had a bulldog between his legs, and in his scarlet shawl neck-cloth was a pin representing another bulldog in gold : he wore a fur waistcoat laced over with gold chains ; a green cut-away coat with basket buttons, and a white upper-coat ornamented with cheese-plate buttons, on each of which was engraved some stirring incident of the road or

the chase ; all of which ornaments set off this young fellow's figure to such advantage, that you would hesitate to say which character in life he most resembled, and whether he was a boxer *en goguette*, or a coachman in his gala suit.

'Left that place for good, Pendennis ?' Mr. Foker said, descending from his landau and giving Pendennis a finger.

'Yes, this year or more,' Pen said.

'Beastly old hole,' Mr. Foker remarked. 'Hate it. Hate the doctor ; hate Towzer, the second master ; hate everybody there. Not a fit place for a gentleman.'

'Not at all,' said Pen, with an air of the utmost consequence.

'By gad, sir, I sometimes dream, now, that the doctor's walking into me,' Foker continued (and Pen smiled as he thought that he himself had likewise fearful dreams of this nature). 'When I think of the diet there, by gad, sir, I wonder how I stood it. Mangy mutton, brutal beef, pudding on Thursdays and Sundays, and that fit to poison you. Just look at my leader—did you ever see a prettier animal ? Drove over from Baymouth. Came the nine mile in two-and-forty minutes. Not bad going, sir.'

'Are you stopping at Baymouth, Foker ?' Pendennis asked.

'I'm coaching there,' said the other, with a nod.

'What ?' asked Pen, and in a tone of such wonder that Foker burst out laughing, and said, 'He was blowed if he didn't think Pen was such a flat as not to know what coaching meant.'

'I'm come down with a coach from Oxbridge. 'A tutor, don't you see, old boy ? He's coaching me, and some other men, for the Little-go. Me and Spavin have the drag between us. And I thought I'd just tool over, and go to the play. Did you ever see Rowkins do the hornpipe ?' and Mr. Foker began to perform some steps of that popular

dance in the inn yard, looking round for the sympathy of his groom and the stable men.

Pen thought he would like to go to the play too : and could ride home afterwards, as there was a moonlight. So he accepted Foker's invitation to dinner, and the young men entered the inn together, where Mr. Foker stopped at the bar, and called upon Miss Rummer, the landlady's fair daughter, who presided there, to give him a glass of ' his mixture.'

Pen and his family had been known at the ' George ' ever since they came into the country ; and Mr. Pendennis's carriage and horses always put up there when he paid a visit to the county town. The landlady dropped the heir of Fair Oaks a very respectful curtsy, and complimented him upon his growth and manly appearance, and asked news of the family at Fair Oaks, and of Doctor Portman and the Clavering people, to all of which questions the young gentleman answered with much affability. But he spoke to Mr. and Mrs. Rummer with that sort of good nature with which a young prince addresses his father's subjects ; never dreaming that those *bonnes gens* were his equals in life.

Mr. Foker's behaviour was quite different. He inquired for Rummer and the cold in his nose, told Mrs. Rummer a riddle, asked Miss Rummer when she would be ready to marry him, and paid his compliments to Miss Brett, the other young lady in the bar, all in a minute of time, and with a liveliness and facetiousness which set all these ladies in a giggle ; and he gave a cluck, expressive of great satisfaction, as he tossed off his mixture which Miss Rummer prepared and handed to him.

' Have a drop,' said he to Pen. ' Give the young one a glass, R., and score it up to yours truly.'

Poor Pen took a glass, and everybody laughed at the

face which he made as he put it down—gin, bitters, and some other cordial, was the compound with which Mr. Foker was so delighted as to call it by the name of Foker's own. As Pen choked, sputtered, and made faces, the other took occasion to remark to Mr. Rummer that the young fellow was green, very green, but that he would soon form him; and then they proceeded to order dinner—which Mr. Foker determined should consist of turtle and venison; cautioning the landlady to be very particular about icing the wine.

Then Messrs. Foker and Pen strolled down the High Street together—the former having a cigar in his mouth, which he had drawn out of a case almost as big as a portmanteau. He went in to replenish it at Mr. Lewis's, and talked to that gentleman for a while, sitting down on the counter: he then looked in at the fruiterer's, to see the pretty girl there: then they passed the *County Chronicle* office, for which Pen had his packet ready, in the shape of 'Lines to Thyrza,' but poor Pen did not like to put the letter into the editor's box while walking in company with such a fine gentleman as Mr. Foker. They met heavy Dragoons of the regiment always quartered at Chatteris; and stopped and talked about the Baymouth balls, and what a pretty girl was Miss Brown, and what a dem fine woman Mrs. Jones was. It was in vain that Pen recalled to his own mind how stupid Foker used to be at school—how he could scarcely read, how he was not cleanly in his person, and notorious for his blunders and dullness. Mr. Foker was not much more refined now than in his school-days: and yet Pen felt a secret pride in strutting down High Street with a young fellow who owned tandems, talked to officers, and ordered turtle and champagne for dinner. He listened, and with respect too, to Mr. Foker's accounts of what the men did at the University of which

Mr. F. was an ornament, and encountered a long series of stories about boat-racing, bumping, college grass-plats, and milk-punch—and began to wish to go up himself to college to a place where there were such manly pleasures and enjoyments. Farmer Gurnett, who lives close by Fair Oaks, riding by at this minute and touching his hat to Pen, the latter stopped him, and sent a message to his mother to say that he had met with an old schoolfellow, and should dine in Chatteris.

The two young gentlemen continued their walk, and were passing round the Cathedral Yard, where they could hear the music of the afternoon service (a music which always exceedingly affected Pen), but whither Mr. Foker came for the purpose of inspecting the nursery-maids who frequent the Elms Walk there, and here they strolled until with a final burst of music the small congregation was played out.

Old Doctor Portman was one of the few who came from the venerable gate. Spying Pen, he came and shook him by the hand, and eyed with wonder Pen's friend, from whose mouth and cigar clouds of fragrance issued, which curled round the doctor's honest face and shovel hat.

'An old schoolfellow of mine, Mr. Foker,' said Pen. The doctor said 'H'm': and scowled at the cigar. He did not mind a pipe in his study, but the cigar was an abomination to the worthy gentleman.

'I came on bishop's business,' the doctor said. 'We'll ride home, Arthur, if you like?'

'I—I'm engaged to my friend here,' Pen answered.

'You had better come home with me,' said the doctor.

'His mother knows he's out, sir,' Mr. Foker remarked: 'don't she, Pendennis?'

'But that does not prove that he had not better come home with me,' the doctor growled, and he walked off with great dignity.

'Old boy don't like the weed, I suppose,' Foker said. 'Ha! who's here?—here's the general, and Bingley, the manager. How do, Cos? How do, Bingley?'

'How does my worthy and gallant young Foker?' said the gentleman addressed as the general; and who wore a shabby military cape with a mangy collar, and a hat cocked very much over one eye.

'Trust you are very well, my very dear sir,' said the other gentleman, 'and that the Theatre Royal will have the honour of your patronage to-night. We perform *The Stranger*, in which your humble servant will——'

'Can't stand you in tights and Hessians, Bingley,' young Mr. Foker said. On which the general, with the Irish accent, said, 'But I think ye'll like Miss Fotheringay, in Mrs. Haller, or me name's not Jack Costigan.'

Pen looked at these individuals with the greatest interest. He had never seen an actor before; and he saw Dr. Portman's red face looking over the doctor's shoulder, as he retreated from the Cathedral Yard, evidently quite dissatisfied with the acquaintances into whose hands Pen had fallen.

Perhaps it would have been much better for him had he taken the parson's advice and company home. But which of us knows his fate?

PEN AT OXBRIDGE

I

DURING the first term of Mr. Pen's University life, he attended classical and mathematical lectures with tolerable assiduity; but discovering before very long time that he had little taste or genius for the pursuing of the exact sciences, and being perhaps rather annoyed that one or two very vulgar young men, who did not even use straps to their trousers so as to cover the abominably thick and

coarse shoes and stockings which they wore, beat him completely in the lecture-room, he gave up his attendance at that course, and announced to his fond parent that he proposed to devote himself exclusively to the cultivation of Greek and Roman Literature.

Mrs. Pendennis was, for her part, quite satisfied that her darling boy should pursue that branch of learning for which he had the greatest inclination ; and only besought him not to ruin his health by too much study, for she had heard the most melancholy stories of young students who, by over fatigue, had brought on brain-fevers and perished untimely in the midst of their University career. And Pen's health, which was always delicate, was to be regarded, as she justly said, beyond all considerations or vain honours. Pen, although not aware of any lurking disease which was likely to endanger his life, yet kindly promised his mamma not to sit up reading too late of nights, and stuck to his word in this respect with a great deal more tenacity of resolution than he exhibited upon some other occasions, when perhaps he was a little remiss.

Presently he began too to find that he learned little good in the classical lecture. His fellow-students there were too dull, as in mathematics they were too learned for him. Mr. Buck, the tutor, was no better a scholar than many a fifth-form boy at Grey Friars ; might have some stupid humdrum notions about the metre and grammatical construction of a passage of Æschylus or Aristophanes, but had no more notion of the poetry than Mrs. Binge, his bed-maker ; and Pen grew weary of hearing the dull students and tutor blunder through a few lines of a play, which he could read in a tenth part of the time which they gave to it. After all, private reading, as he began to perceive, was the only study which was really profitable to a man ; and he announced to his mamma that he should read by

himself a great deal more, and in public a great deal less. That excellent woman knew no more about Homer than she did about Algebra, but she was quite contented with Pen's arrangements regarding his course of studies, and felt perfectly confident that her dear boy would get the place which he merited.

Pen did not come home until after Christmas, a little to the fond mother's disappointment, and Laura's, who was longing for him to make a fine snow fortification, such as he had made three winters before. But he was invited to Logwood, Lady Agnes Foker's, where there were private theatricals, and a gay Christmas party of very fine folks, some of them whom Major Pendennis would on no account have his nephew neglect. However, he stayed at home for the last three weeks of the vacation, and Laura had the opportunity of remarking what a quantity of fine new clothes he brought with him, and his mother admired his improved appearance and manly and decided tone.

He did not come home at Easter ; but when he arrived for the long vacation, he brought more smart clothes ; appearing in the morning in wonderful shooting-jackets, with remarkable buttons ; and in the evening in gorgeous velvet waistcoats, with richly-embroidered cravats, and curious linen. And as she pried about his room, she saw, oh, such a beautiful dressing-case, with silver mountings, and a quantity of lovely rings and jewellery. And he had a new French watch and gold chain, in place of the big old chronometer, with its bunch of jingling seals, which had hung from the fob of John Pendennis, and by the second-hand of which the defunct doctor had felt many a patient's pulse in his time. It was but a few months back Pen had longed for this watch, which he thought the most splendid and august timepiece in the world ; and just before he went to college, Helen had taken it out of her trinket-box

(where it had remained unwound since the death of her husband) and given it to Pen with a solemn and appropriate little speech respecting his father's virtues and the proper use of time. This portly and valuable chronometer Pen now pronounced to be out of date, and, indeed, made some comparisons between it and a warming-pan, which Laura thought disrespectful, and he left the watch in a drawer, in the company of soiled primrose gloves, cravats which had gone out of favour, and of that other school watch which has once before been mentioned in this history. Our old friend, Rebecca, Pen pronounced to be no longer up to his weight, and swapped her away for another and more powerful horse, for which he had to pay rather a heavy figure. Mrs. Pendennis gave the boy the money for the new horse; and Laura cried when Rebecca was fetched away.

Alro Pen brought a large box of cigars branded 'Colorados,' 'Afrancesados,' 'Telescopios,' Fudson, Oxford Street, or by some such strange titles, and began to consume these not only about the stables and green-houses, where they were very good for Helen's plants, but in his own study,—which practice his mother did not at first approve. But he was at work upon a prize-poem, he said, and could not compose without his cigar, and quoted the late lamented Lord Byron's lines in favour of the custom of smoking. As he was smoking to such good purpose, his mother could not of course refuse permission: in fact, the good soul coming into the room one day in the midst of Pen's labours (he was consulting a novel which had recently appeared, for the cultivation of the light literature of his own country as well as of foreign nations became every student)—Helen, we say, coming into the room and finding Pen on the sofa at this work, rather than disturb him went for a light-box and his cigar-case to his bedroom,

which was adjacent, and actually put the cigar into his mouth and lighted the match at which he kindled it. Pen laughed, and kissed his mother's hand as it hung fondly over the back of the sofa. 'Dear old mother,' he said, 'if I were to tell you to burn the house down, I think you would do it !' And it is very likely that Mr. Pen was right, and that the foolish woman would have done almost as much for him as he said.

II

HONEST Harry Foker, who had been the means of introducing Arthur Pendennis to that set of young men at the University, from whose society and connexions Arthur's uncle expected that the lad would get so much benefit ; who had called for Arthur's first song at his first supper-party ; and who had presented him at the Barmecide Club, where none but the very best men of Oxbridge were admitted (it consisted in Pen's time of six noblemen, eight gentlemen-pensioners, and twelve of the most select commoners of the University), soon found himself left far behind by the young freshman in the fashionable world of Oxbridge, and being a generous and worthy fellow, without a spark of envy in his composition, was exceedingly pleased at the success of his young protégé, and admired Pen quite as much as any of the other youth did. It was he who followed Pen now, and quoted his sayings ; learned his songs, and retailed them at minor supper-parties, and was never weary of hearing them from the gifted young poet's own mouth—for a good deal of the time which Mr. Pen might have employed much more advantageously in the pursuit of the regular scholastic studies was given up to the composition of secular ballads, which he sang about at parties according to University wont.

It had been as well for Arthur if the honest Foker had

remained for some time at college, for, with all his vivacity, he was a prudent young man, and often curbed Pen's propensity to extravagance : but Foker's collegiate career did not last very long after Arthur's entrance at Boniface. Repeated differences with the University authorities caused Mr. Foker to quit Oxbridge in an untimely manner. He would persist in attending races on the neighbouring Hungerford Heath, in spite of the injunctions of his academic superiors. He never could be got to frequent the chapel of the college with that regularity of piety which Alma Mater demands from her children ; tandems, which are abominations in the eyes of the heads and tutors, were Foker's greatest delight, and so reckless was his driving and frequent the accidents and upsets out of his drag, that Pen called taking a drive with him taking the ' Diversions of Purley ' ; finally, having a dinner-party at his rooms to entertain some friends from London, nothing would satisfy Mr. Foker but painting Mr. Buck's door vermilion, in which freak he was caught by the proctors ; and although young Black Strap, the celebrated negro-fighter, who was one of Mr. Foker's distinguished guests, and was holding the can of paint while the young artist operated on the door, knocked down two of the proctor's attendants and performed prodigies of valour, yet these feats rather injured than served Foker, whom the proctor knew very well, and who was taken with the brush in his hand, summarily convened, and sent down from the University.

The tutor wrote a very kind and feeling letter to Lady Agnes on the subject, stating that everybody was fond of the youth ; that he never meant harm to any mortal creature ; that he for his own part would have been delighted to pardon the harmless little boyish frolic, had not its unhappy publicity rendered it impossible to look the freak over, and breathing the most fervent wishes for

the young fellow's welfare—wishes no doubt sincere, for Foker, as we know, came of a noble family on his mother's side, and on the other was heir to a great number of thousand pounds a year.

'It don't matter,' said Foker, talking over the matter with Pen—'a little sooner or a little later, what is the odds? I should have been plucked for my Little-go again, I know I should—that Latin I cannot screw into my head, and my mamma's anguish would have broke out next term. The governor will blow like an old grampus, I know he will,—well, we must stop till he gets his wind again. I shall probably go abroad and improve my mind with foreign travel. Yes, *parly-voo's* the ticket. It'll, and that sort of thing. I'll go to Paris, and learn to dance and complete my education. But it's not me I'm anxious about, Pen. As long as people drink beer I don't care—it's about you I'm doubtful, my boy. You're going too fast, and can't keep up the pace, I tell you. It's not the fifty you owe me—pay it or not when you like—but it's the everyday pace, and I tell you it will kill you. You're livin' as if there was no end to the money in the stockin' at home. You oughtn't to give dinners, you ought to eat 'em. Fellows are glad to have you. You oughtn't to owe horse bills, you ought to ride other chaps' nags. You know no more about betting than I do about Algebra: the chaps will win your money as sure as you sport it. Hang me if you are not trying at everything. I saw you sit down to *écarté* last week at Trumpington's, and taking your turn with the bones after Ringwood's supper. They'll *bêat* you at it, Pen, my boy, even if they play on the square, which I don't say they don't, nor which I don't say they do, mind. But I won't play with 'em. You're no match for 'em. You ain't up to their weight. It's like little Black Strap standing up to Tom Spring—the Black's a pretty

fighter, but, Law bless you, his arm ain't long enough to touch Tom—and I tell you, you're going it with fellers beyond your weight. Look here—if you'll promise me never to bet nor touch a box nor a card, I'll let you off the two ponies.'

'But Pen laughingly said, 'that though it wasn't convenient to him to pay the two ponies at that moment, he by no means wished to be let off any just debts he owed ;' and he and Foker parted, not without many dark forebodings on the latter's part with regard to his friend, who Harry thought was travelling speedily on the road to ruin.

'One must do at Rome as Rome does,' Pen said, in a dandified manner, jingling some sovereigns in his waistcoat-pocket. 'A little quiet play at *écarté* can't hurt a man who plays pretty well—I came away fourteen sovereigns richer from Ringwood's supper, and, gad ! I wanted the money.'—And he walked off, after having taken leave of poor Foker, who went away without any beat of drum, or offer to drive the coach out of Oxbridge, to superintend a little dinner which he was going to give at his own rooms in Boniface, about which dinners, the cook of the college, who had a great respect for Mr. Pendennis, always took especial pains for his young favourite.

PEN IS PLUCKED

DURING the latter part of Pen's residence at the University of Oxbridge, his uncle's partiality had greatly increased for the lad. The major was proud of Arthur, who had high spirits, frank manners, a good person, and high gentleman-like bearing. It pleased the old London bachelor to see Pen walking with the young patricians of his University, and he (who was never known to entertain his friends, and whose stinginess had passed into a sort of byword among

some wags at the club, who envied his many engagements, and did not choose to consider his poverty) was charmed to give his nephew and the young lords snug little dinners at his lodgings, and to regale them with good claret, and his very best bons mots and stories : some of which would be injured by the repetition, for the major's manner of telling them was incomparably neat and careful ; and others, whereof the repetition would do good to nobody. He paid his court to their parents through the young men, and to himself as it were by their company. He made more than one visit to Oxbridge, where the young fellows were amused by entertaining the old gentleman, and gave parties and breakfasts, and fêtes, partly to joke him and partly to do him honour. He plied them with his stories. He made himself juvenile and hilarious in the company of the young lords. He went to hear Pen at a grand debate at the Union, crowed and cheered, and rapped his stick in chorus with the cheers of the men, and was astounded at the boy's eloquence and fire. He thought he had got a young Pitt for a nephew. He had an almost paternal fondness for Pen. He wrote to the lad letters with playful advice and the news of the town. He bragged about Arthur at his clubs, and introduced him with pleasure into his conversation ; saying, that Egad, the young fellows were putting the old ones to the wall ; that the lads who were coming up, young Lord Plinlimmon, a friend of my boy, young Lord Magnus Charters, a chum of my scapegrace, etc., would make a greater figure in the world than ever their fathers had done before them. He asked permission to bring Arthur to a grand fête at Gaunt House ; saw him with ineffable satisfaction dancing with the sisters of the young noblemen before mentioned ; and gave himself as much trouble to procure cards of invitation for the lad to some good houses, as if he had been a mamma with

a daughter to marry, and not an old half-pay officer in a wig. And he boasted everywhere of the boy's great talents, and remarkable oratorical powers; and of the brilliant degree he was going to take. Lord Runnymede would take him on his embassy, or the duke would bring him in for one of his boroughs, he wrote over and over again to Helen; who, for her part, was too ready to believe anything that anybody chose to say in favour of her son.

And all this pride and affection of uncle and mother had been trampled down by Pen's wicked extravagance and idleness! I don't envy Pen's feelings (as the phrase is), as he thought of what he had done. He had slept, and the tortoise had won the race. He had marred at its outset what might have been a brilliant career. He had dipped ungenerously into a generous mother's purse; basely and recklessly spilt her little cruse. Oh, it was a coward hand that could strike and rob a creature so tender! And if Pen felt the wrong which he had done to others, are we to suppose that a young gentleman of his vanity did not feel still more keenly the shame he had brought upon himself? Let us be assured that there is no more cruel remorse than that; and no groans more pitious than those of wounded self-love. Like Joe Miller's friend, the senior wrangler, who bowed to the audience from his box at the play, because he and the king happened to enter the theatre at the same time, only with a fatuity by no means so agreeable to himself, poor Arthur Pendennis felt perfectly convinced that all England would remark the absence of his name from the examination-lists, and talk about his misfortune. His wounded tutor, his many duns, the skip and bed-maker who waited upon him, the undergraduates of his own time and the years below him, whom he had patronized or scorned—how could he bear to look any of them in the

face now? He rushed to his rooms, into which he shut himself, and there he penned a letter to his tutor, full of thanks, regards, remorse, and despair, requesting that his name might be taken off the college books, and intimating a wish and expectation that death would speedily end the woes of the disgraced Arthur Pendennis.

Then he slunk out, scarcely knowing whither he went, but mechanically taking the unfrequented little lanes by the backs of the colleges, until he cleared the University precincts, and got down to the banks of the Camisis River, now deserted, but so often alive with the boat-races, and the crowds of cheering gownsmen, he wandered on and on, until he found himself at some miles' distance from Oxbridge, or rather was found by some acquaintances leaving that city.

As Pen went up a hill, a drizzling January rain beating in his face, and his ragged gown flying behind him—for he had not divested himself of his academical garments since the morning—a post-chaise came rattling up the road, on the box of which a servant was seated, whilst within, or rather half out of the carriage window, sat a young gentleman smoking a cigar, and loudly encouraging the postboy. It was our young acquaintance of Baymouth, Mr. Spavin, who had got his degree, and was driving homewards in triumph in his yellow post-chaise. He caught a sight of the figure, madly gesticulating as he worked up the hill, and of poor Pen's pale and ghastly face as the chaise whirled by him.

'Wo!' roared Mr. Spavin to the postboy, and the horses stopped in their mad career, and the carriage pulled up some fifty yards before Pen. He presently heard his own name shouted, and beheld the upper half of the body of Mr. Spavin thrust out of the side-window of the vehicle, and beckoning Pen vehemently towards it.

Pen stopped, hesitated—nodded his head fiercely, and pointed onwards, as if desirous that the postilion should proceed. He did not speak ; but his countenance must have looked very desperate, for young Spavin, having stared at him with an expression of blank alarm, jumped out of the carriage presently, ran towards Pen holding out his hand, and grasping Pen's said, ' I say—hullo, old boy, where are you going, and what's the row now ? '

' I'm going where I deserve to go,' said Pen, with an imprecation.

' This ain't the way,' said Mr. Spavin, smiling. ' This is the Fenbury road. I say, Pen, don't take on because you are plucked. It's nothing when you are used to it. I've been plucked three times, old boy—and after the first time I didn't care. Glad it's over, though. You'll have better luck next time.'

Pen looked at his early acquaintance,—who had been plucked, who had been rusticated, who had only, after repeated failures, learned to read and write correctly, and who, in spite of all these drawbacks, had attained the honour of a degree. ' This man has passed,' he thought, ' and I have failed ! ' It was almost too much for him to bear.

' Good-bye, Spavin,' said he ; ' I'm very glad you are through. Don't let me keep you ; I'm in a hurry—I'm going to town to-night.'

' Gammon,' said Mr. Spavin. ' This ain't the way to town ; this is the Fenbury road, I tell you.'

' I was just going to turn back,' Pen said.

' All the coaches are full with the men going down,' Spavin said. Pen winced. ' You'd not get a place for a ten-pound note. Get into my yellow ; I'll drop you at Mudford, where you have a chance of the Fenbury mail. I'll lend you a hat and a coat ; I've got lots. Come along ;

jump in, old boy—go it, leathers ! ’—and in this way Pen found himself in Mr. Spavin’s post-chaise, and rode with that gentleman as far as the ‘ Ram Inn ’ at Mudford, fifteen miles from Oxbridge ; where the Fenbury mail changed horses, and where Pen got a place on to London.

The next day there was an immense excitement in Boniface College, Oxbridge, where, for some time, a rumour prevailed, to the terror of Pen’s tutor and tradesmen, that Pendennis, maddened at losing his degree, had made away with himself—a battered cap, in which his name was almost discernible, together with a seal bearing his crest of an eagle looking at a now extinct sun, had been found three miles on the Fenbury road, near a mill-stream ; and, for four-and-twenty hours, it was supposed that poor Pen had flung himself into the stream, until letters arrived from him, bearing the London post-mark.

The mail reached London at the dreary hour of five ; and he hastened to the inn at Covent Carden, at which he was accustomed to put up, where the ever-wakeful porter admitted him, and showed him to a bed. Pen looked hard at the man, and wondered whether Boots knew he was plucked ? When in bed he could not sleep there. He tossed about until the appearance of the dismal London daylight, when he sprang up desperately, and walked off to his uncle’s lodgings in Bury Street ; where the maid, who was scouring the steps, looked up suspiciously at him, as he came with an unshaven face, and yesterday’s linen. He thought she knew of his mishap, too.

‘ Good ’evens, Mr. Harthur, what ’as ’appened, sir ? ’ Mr. Morgan, the valet, asked, who had just arranged the well brushed clothes and shiny boots at the door of his master’s bedroom, and was carrying in his wig to the major.

‘ I want to see my uncle,’ he cried, in a ghastly voice, and flung himself down on a chair.

Morgan backed before the pale and desperate-looking young man, with terrified and wondering glances, and disappeared into his master's apartment.

The major put his head out of the bedroom door as soon as he had his wig on.

'What? examination over? Senior Wrangler, double First Class, hey?' said the old gentleman—'I'll come directly;' and the head disappeared.

'They don't know what has happened,' groaned Pen; 'what will they say when they know all?'

Pen had been standing with his back to the window, and to such a dubious light as Bury Street enjoys of a foggy January morning, so that his uncle could not see the expression of the young man's countenance, or the looks of gloom and despair which even Mr. Morgan had remarked.

But when the major came out of his dressing-room neat and radiant, and preceded by faint odours from Delcroix's shop, from which emporium Major Pendennis's wig and his pocket-handkerchief got their perfume, he held out one of his hands to Pen, and was about addressing him in his cheery, high-toned voice, when he caught sight of the boy's face at length, and dropping his hand, said, 'Good God! Pen, what's the matter?'

'You'll see it in the papers at breakfast, sir,' Pen said.

'See what?'

'My name isn't there, sir.'

'Hang it, why *should* it be?' asked the major, more perplexed.

'I have lost everything, sir,' Pen groaned out; 'my honour's gone; I'm ruined irretrievably; I can't go back to Oxbridge.'

'Lost your honour?' screamed out the major. 'Heaven alive! you don't mean to say you have shown the white feather?'

Pen laughed bitterly at the word feather, and repeated it. 'No, it isn't that, sir. I'm not afraid of being shot ; I wish to God anybody would. I have not got my degree. I—I'm plucked, sir.'

The major had heard of plucking, but in a very vague and cursory way, and concluded that it was some ceremony performed corporally upon rebellious University youth. 'I wonder you can look me in the face after such a disgrace, sir,' he said ; 'I wonder you submitted to it as a gentleman.'

'I couldn't help it, sir. I did my classical papers well enough : it was those infernal mathematics, which I have always neglected.'

'Was it—was it done in public, sir ? ' the major said.

'What ? '

'The—the plucking ? ' asked the guardian, looking Pen anxiously in the face.

Pen perceived the error under which his guardian was labouring, and in the midst of his misery the blunder caused the poor wretch a faint smile, and served to bring down the conversation from the tragedy-key, in which Pen had been disposed to carry it on. He explained to his uncle that he had gone in to pass his examination, and failed. On which the major said, that though he had expected far better things of his nephew, there was no great misfortune in this, and no dishonour as far as he saw, and that Pen must try again.

'Me again at Oxbridge,' Pen thought, 'after such a humiliation as that ! ' He felt that, except he went down to burn the place, he could not enter it.

But it was when he came to tell his uncle of his debts that the other felt surprise and anger most keenly, and broke out into speeches most severe upon Pen, which the lad bore, as best he might, without flinching. He had determined to make a clean breast, and had formed a full, true, and

complete list of all his bills and liabilities at the University, and in London. They consisted of various items, such as

London Tailor.	Oxbridge do.
Oxbridge do.	Bill for horses.
Haberdasher, for shirts and gloves.	Printseller.
Jeweller.	Books.
College Cook.	Binding.
Crump, for desserts.	Hairdresser and Perfumery.
Bootmaker.	Hotel Bill in London.
Wine Merchant in London.	Sundries.

All which items the reader may fill in at his pleasure—such accounts have been inspected by the parents of many University youth—and it appeared that Mr. Pen's bills in all amounted to about seven hundred pounds; and, furthermore, it was calculated that he had had more than twice that sum of ready money during his stay at Oxbridge. This sum he had spent, and for it had to show—what?

'You need not press a man who is down, sir,' Pen said to his uncle gloomily. 'I know very well how wicked and idle I have been. My mother won't like to see me dishonoured, sir,' he continued, with his voice failing; 'and I know she will pay these accounts. But I shall ask her for no more money.'

'As you like, sir,' the major said. 'You are of age, and my hands are washed of your affairs. But you can't live without money, and have no means of making it that I see, though you have a fine talent in spending it, and it is my belief that you will proceed as you have begun, and ruin your mother before you are five years older.—Good morning; it is time for me to go to breakfast. My engagements won't permit me to see you much during the time that you stay in London. I presume that you will acquaint your mother with the news which you have just conveyed to me.'

And pulling on his hat, and trembling in his limbs somewhat, Major Pendennis walked out of his lodgings before

his nephew, and went ruefully off to take his accustomed corner at the club. He saw the Oxbridge examination-lists in the morning papers, and read over the names, not understanding the business, with mournful accuracy. He consulted various old fogies of his acquaintance, in the course of the day, at his club; Wenham, a dean, various civilians; and, as it is called, 'took their opinion,' showing to some of them the amount of his nephew's debts, which he had dotted down on the back of a card, and asking what was to be done, and whether such debts were not monstrous, preposterous? What was to be done?—There was nothing for it but to pay. Wenham and the others told the major of young men who owed twice as much—five times as much—as Arthur, and with no means at all to pay. The consultations, and calculations, and opinions comforted the major somewhat. After all, *he* was not to pay.

But he thought bitterly of the many plans he had formed to make a man of his nephew, of the sacrifices which he had made, and of the manner in which he was disappointed. And he wrote off a letter to Dr. Portman, informing him of the direful events which had taken place, and begging the doctor to break them to Helen. For the orthodox old gentleman preserved the regular routine in all things, and was of opinion that it was more correct to 'break' a piece of bad news to a person by means of a (possibly maladroit and unfeeling) messenger, than to convey it simply to its destination by a note. So the major wrote to Doctor Portman, and then went out to dinner, one of the saddest men in any London dining-room that day.

Pen, too, wrote his letter, and skulked about London streets for the rest of the day, fancying that everybody was looking at him and whispering to his neighbour, 'That is Pendennis of Boniface, who was plucked yesterday.' His letter to his mother was full of tenderness and remorse: he

wept the bitterest tears over it—and the repentance and passion soothed him to some degree. •

He saw a party of roaring young blades from Oxbridge in the coffee-room of his hotel, and slunk away from them, and paced the streets. He remembers, he says, the prints which he saw hanging up at Ackermann's window in the rain, and a book which he read at a stall near the Temple : at night he went to the pit of the play, and saw Miss Fotheringay, but he doesn't in the least recollect in what piece.

On the second day there came a kind letter from his tutor, containing many grave and appropriate remarks upon the event which had befallen him, but strongly urging Pen not to take his name off the University books, and to retrieve a disaster which, everybody knew, was owing to his own carelessness alone, and which he might repair by a month's application. He said he had ordered Pen's skip to pack up some trunks of the young gentleman's wardrobe, which duly arrived with fresh copies of all Pen's bills laid on the top.

On the third day there arrived a letter from home ; which Pen read in his bedroom, and the result of which was that he fell down on his knees, with his head in the bed-clothes, and there prayed out his heart, and humbled himself ; and having gone downstairs and eaten an immense breakfast, he sallied forth and took his place at the ' Bull and Mouth,' Piccadilly, by the Chatteris coach for that evening.

THE CANE-BOTTOM'D CHAIR

IN tattered old slippers that toast at the bars,
And a ragged old jacket perfumed with cigars,
Away from the world and its toils and its cares,
I've a snug little kingdom up four pair of stairs.

To mount to this realm is a toil, to be sure,
But the fire there is bright and the air rather pure ;
And the view I behold on a sunshiny day
Is grand through the chimney-pots over the way.

This snug little chamber is cramm'd in all nooks
With worthless old knicknacks and silly old books,
And foolish old odds and foolish old ends,
Crack'd bargains from brokers, cheap keepsakes from
friends.

Old armour, prints, pictures, pipes, china, (all crack'd,)
Old rickety tables, and chairs broken-backed ;
A twopenny treasury, wondrous to see ;
What matter ? 'tis pleasant to you, friend, and me.

No better divan need the Sultan require,
Than the creaking old sofa that basks by the fire ;
And 'tis wonderful, surely, what music you get
From the rickety, ramshackle, wheezy spinet.

That praying-rug came from a Turcoman's camp ;
By Tiber once twinkled that brazen old lamp ;
A Mameluke fierce yonder dagger has drawn :
'Tis a murderous knife to toast muffins upon.

Long, long through the hours, and the night, and the
chimes,

Here we talk of old books, and old friends, and old times ;

As we sit in a fog made of rich Latakia

This chamber is pleasant to you, friend, and me.

But of all the cheap treasures that garnish my nest,

There's one that I love and I cherish the best :

For the finest of couches that's padded with hair

I never would change thee, my cane-bottom'd chair.

'Tis a bandy-legged, high-shoulder'd, worm-eaten seat,

With a creaking old back, and twisted old feet ;

But since the fair morning when Fanny sat there,

I bless thee and love thee, old cane-bottom'd chair.

If chairs have but feeling, in holding such charms,

A thrill must have pass'd through your wither'd old
arms !

I look'd, and I long'd, and I wish'd in despair ;

I wish'd myself turn'd to a cane-bottom'd chair.

It was but a moment she sat in this place,

She'd a scarf on her neck, and a smile on her face !

A smile on her face, and a rose in her hair,

And she sat there, and bloom'd in my cane-bottom'd
chair.

And so I have valued my chair ever since,

Like the shrine of a saint, or the throne of a prince ;

Saint Fanny, my patroness sweet I declare,

The queen of my heart and my cane-bottom'd chair.

When the candles burn low, and the company 's gone,
In the silence of night as I sit here alone—
I sit here alone, but we yet are a pair—
My Fanny I see in my cane-bottom'd chair.

She comes from the past and revisits my room ;
She looks as she then did, all beauty and bloom ;
So smiling and tender, so fresh and so fair,
And yonder she sits in my cane-bottom'd chair.

FROM 'ESMOND'

HARRY ESMOND COMES TO CASTLEWOOD

HARRY was very glad when a gentleman dressed in black, on horseback, with a mounted servant behind him, came to fetch him away from Ealing. The noverca, or unjust stepmother, who had neglected him for her own two children, gave him supper enough the night before he went away, and plenty in the morning. She did not beat him once, and told the children to keep their hands off him. One was a girl, and Harry never could bear to strike a girl ; and the other was a boy, whom he could easily have beat, but he always cried out, when Mrs. Pastoureau came sailing to the rescue with arms like a flail. She only washed Harry's face the day he went away ; nor ever so much as boxed his ears. She whimpered rather when the gentleman in black came for the boy ; and old Mr. Pastoureau, as he gave the child his blessing, scowled over his shoulder at the strange gentleman, and grumbled out something about Babylon and the scarlet lady. He was grown quite old, like a child almost. Mrs. Pastoureau used to wipe his nose as she did to the children. She was a great, big, handsome young woman ; but, though she pretended to cry, Harry thought 'twas only a sham, and sprang quite delighted upon the horse upon which the lacquey helped him.

He was a Frenchman ; his name was Blaise. The child could talk to him in his own language perfectly well ; he knew it better than English indeed, having lived hitherto chiefly among French people, and being called the Little

Frenchman by other boys on Ealing Green. He soon learned to speak English perfectly, and to forget some of his French: children forget easily. Some earlier and fainter recollections the child had of a different country; and a town with tall, white houses; and a ship. But these were quite indistinct in the boy's mind, as indeed the memory of Ealing soon became, at least of much that he suffered there.

The lacquey before whom he rode was very lively and voluble, and informed the boy that the gentleman riding before him was my lord's chaplain, Father Holt—that he was now to be called Master Harry Esmond—that my Lord Viscount Castlewood was his *parrain*—that he was to live at the great house of Castlewood, in the province of —shire, where he would see Madame the Viscountess, who was a grand lady. And so, seated on a cloth before Blaise's saddle, Harry Esmond was brought to London, and to a fine square called Covent Garden, near to which his patron lodged.

Mr. Holt, the priest, took the child by the hand, and brought him to this nobleman, a grand, languid nobleman in a great cap and flowered morning-gown, sucking oranges. He patted Harry on the head, and gave him an orange.

'C'est bien ça,' he said to the priest after eyeing the child, and the gentleman in black shrugged his shoulders.

'Let Blaise take him out for a holiday,' and out for a holiday the boy and the valet went. Harry went jumping along; he was glad enough to go.

He will remember to his life's end the delights of those days. He was taken to see a play by Monsieur Blaise, in a house a thousand times greater and finer than the booth at Ealing Fair; and on the next happy day they took water on the river, and Harry saw London Bridge, with the houses and booksellers' shops thereon, looking like a street,

and the Tower of London, with the armour, and the great lions and bears in the moat—all under company of Monsieur Blaise.

Presently, of an early morning, all the party set forth for the country—namely, my Lord Viscount and the other gentleman ; Monsieur Blaise, and Harry on a pillion behind him ; and two or three men with pistols, leading the baggage-horses. And all along the road the Frenchman told little Harry stories of brigands, which made the child's hair stand on end, and terrified him ; so that at the great gloomy inn on the road where they lay, he besought to be allowed to sleep in a room with one of the servants, and was compassionated by Mr. Holt, the gentleman who travelled with my lord, and who gave the child a little bed in his chamber.

His artless talk and answers very likely inclined this gentleman in the boy's favour, for next day Mr. Holt said Harry should ride behind him, and not with the French lacquey ; and all along the journey put a thousand questions to the child—as to his foster-brother and relations at Ealing ; what his old grandfather had taught him ; what languages he knew ; whether he could read and write, and sing ; and so forth. And Mr. Holt found that Harry could read and write, and possessed the two languages of French and English very well ; and when he asked Harry about singing, the lad broke out with a hymn to the tune of Dr. Martin Luther, which set Mr. Holt a-laughing, and even caused his *grand parrain* in the laced hat and periwig to laugh too when Holt told him what the child was singing. For it appeared that Dr. Martin Luther's hymns were not sung in the churches Mr. Holt preached at.

' You must never sing that song any more, do you hear, little mannikin ? ' says my Lord Viscount, holding up a finger.

' But we will try and teach you a better, Harry,' Mr. Holt

said ; and the child answered, for he was a docile child, and of an affectionate nature, ' That he loved pretty songs, and would try and learn anything the gentleman would tell him.' That day he so pleased the gentlemen by his talk that they had him to dine with them at the inn, and encouraged him in his prattle ; and Monsieur Blaise, with whom he rode and dined the day before, waited upon him now.

' 'Tis well, 'tis well ! ' said Blaise, that night (in his own language) when they lay again at an inn. ' We are a little lord here ; we are a little lord now : we shall see what we are when we come to Castlewood, where my lady is.'

' When shall we come to Castlewood, Monsieur Blaise ? ' says Harry.

' *Parbleu !* my lord does not press himself,' Blaise says, with a grin ; and, indeed, it seemed as if his lordship was not in a great hurry, for he spent three days on that journey, which Harry Esmond hath often since ridden in a dozen hours. For the last two of the days Harry rode with the priest, who was so kind to him that the child had grown to be quite fond and familiar with him by the journey's end, and had scarce a thought in his little heart which by that time he had not confided to his new friend.

At length, on the third day, at evening, they came to a village standing on a green with elms round it, very pretty to look at ; and the people there all took off their hats, and made curtsies to my Lord Viscount, who bowed to them all languidly ; and there was one portly person that wore a cassock and a broad-leafed hat, who bowed lower than any one, and with this one both my lord and Mr. Holt had a few words. ' This, Harry, is Castlewood church,' says Mr. Holt, ' and this is the pillar thereof, learned Doctor Tusher. Take off your hat, sirrah, and salute Doctor Tusher ! '

'Come up to supper, Doctor,' says my lord, at which the Doctor made another low bow, and the party moved on towards a grand house that was before them, with many grey towers and vanes on them, and windows flaming in the sunshine; and a great army of rooks, wheeling over their heads, made for the woods behind the house, as Harry saw, and Mr. Holt told him that they lived at Castlewood too.

Taking Harry by the hand as soon as they were both descended from their horses, Mr. Holt led him across the court, and under a low door to rooms on a level with the ground; one of which Father Holt said was to be the boy's chamber, the other on the other side of the passage being the Father's own; and as soon as the little man's face was washed, and the Father's own dress arranged, Harry's guide took him once more to the door by which my lord had entered the hall, and up a stair, and through an ante-room to my lady's drawing-room—an apartment than which Harry thought he had never seen anything more grand, no, not in the Tower of London which he had just visited. Indeed, the chamber was richly ornamented in the manner of Queen Elizabeth's time, with great stained windows at either end, and hangings of tapestry, which the sun shining through the coloured glass painted of a thousand hues; and here in state, by the fire, sate a lady, to whom the priest took up Harry, who was indeed amazed by her appearance.

My Lady Viscountess's face was daubed with white and red up to the eyes, to which the paint gave an unearthly glare; she had a tower of lace on her head, under which was a bush of black curls—borrowed curls—so that no wonder little Harry Esmond was scared when he was first presented to her—the kind priest acting as master of the ceremonies at that solemn introduction—and he stared at

her with eyes almost as great as her own, as he had stared at the player-woman who acted the wicked tragedy-queen, when the players came down to Ealing Fair. She sate in a great chair by the fire-corner. In her lap was a spaniel-dog that barked furiously ; on a little table by her was her ladyship's snuff-box and her sugar-plum box. She wore a dress of black velvet and a petticoat of flame-coloured brocade. She had as many rings on her fingers as the old woman of Banbury Cross ; and pretty small feet, which she was fond of showing, with great gold clocks to her stockings, and white pantofles with red heels ; and an odour of musk was shook out of her garments whenever she moved or quitted the room, leaning on her tortoise-shell stick, little Fury barking at her heels.

Mrs. Tusher, the parson's wife, was with my lady. She had been waiting-woman to her ladyship in the late lord's time, and, having her soul in that business, took naturally to it when the Viscountess of Castlewood returned to inhabit her father's house.

' I present to your ladyship your kinsman and little page of honour, Master Henry Esmond,' Mr. Holt, said, bowing lowly, with a sort of comical humility. ' Make a pretty bow to my lady, Monsieur ; and then another little bow, not so low, to Madame Tusher, the fair priestess of Castlewood.'

' Where I have lived and hope to die, sir,' says Madame Tusher, giving a hard glance at the brat, and then at my lady.

Upon her the boy's whole attention was for a time directed. He could not keep his great eyes off from her. Since the Empress of Ealing, he had seen nothing so awful.

' Does my appearance please you, little page ? ' asked the lady.

‘He would be very hard to please if it didn’t,’ cried Madame Tusher.

‘Have done, you silly Maria,’ said Lady Castlewood.

‘Where I’m attached, I’m attached, Madame ; and I’d die rather than not say so.’

‘Je meurs où je m’attache,’ Mr. Holt said with a polite grin. ‘The ivy says so in the picture, and clings to the oak like a fond parasite as it is.’

‘Parricide, sir !’ cries Mrs. Tusher.

‘Hush, Tusher ! you are always bickering with Father Holt,’ cried my lady. ‘Come and kiss my hand, child ;’ and the oak held out a *branch* to little Harry Esmond, who took and dutifully kissed the lean old hand, upon the gnarled knuckles of which there glittered a hundred rings.

‘To kiss that hand would make many a pretty fellow happy !’ cried Mrs. Tusher ; on which my lady crying out, ‘Go, you foolish Tusher !’ and tapping her with her great fan, Tusher ran forward to seize her hand and kiss it. Fury arose and barked furiously at Tusher ; and Father Holt looked on at this queer scene with arch, grave glances.

The awe exhibited by the little boy perhaps pleased the lady to whom this artless flattery was bestowed ; for having gone down on his knee (as Father Holt had directed him, and the mode then was) and performed his obeisance, she said, ‘Page Esmond, my groom of the chamber will inform you what your duties are, when you wait upon my lord and me ; and good Father Holt will instruct you as becomes a gentleman of our name. You will pay him obedience in everything ; and I pray you may grow to be as learned and as good as your tutor.’

The lady seemed to have the greatest reverence for Mr. Holt, and to be more afraid of him than of anything else in the world. If she was ever so angry, a word or look from Father Holt made her calm ; indeed he had a vast

power of subjecting those who came near him, and, among the rest, his new pupil gave himself up with an entire confidence and attachment to the good Father, and became his willing slave almost from the first moment he saw him.

He put his small hand into the Father's as he walked away from his first presentation to his mistress, and asked many questions in his artless, childish way. 'Who is that other woman?' he asked. 'She is fat and round; she is more pretty than my Lady Castlewood.'

'She is Madame Tusher, the parson's wife of Castlewood. She has a son of your age, but bigger than you.'

'Why does she like so to kiss my lady's hand? It is not good to kiss.'

'Tastes are different, little man. Madame Tusher is attached to my lady, having been her waiting-woman before she was married, in the old lord's time. She married Doctor Tusher, the chaplain. The English household divines often marry the waiting-women.'

'You will not marry the French woman, will you? I saw her laughing with Blaise in the buttery.'

'I belong to a church that is older and better than the English church,' Mr. Holt said (making a sign, whereof Esmond did not then understand the meaning, across his breast and forehead); 'in our church the clergy do not marry. You will understand these things better soon.'

'Was not Saint Peter the head of your church?—Dr. Rabbits of Ealing told us so.'

The Father said, 'Yes, he was.'

'But Saint Peter was married, for we heard only last Sunday that his wife's mother lay sick of a fever.' On which the Father again laughed, and said he would understand this too better soon, and talked of other things, and took away Harry Esmond, and showed him the great old house which he had come to inhabit.

It stood on a rising green hill, with woods behind it, in which were rooks' nests, where the birds at morning and returning home at evening made a great cawing. At the foot of the hill was a river, with a steep ancient bridge crossing it; and beyond that a large pleasant green flat, where the village of Castlewood stood, and stands, with the church in the midst, the parsonage hard by it, the inn with the blacksmith's forge beside it, and the sign of the 'Three Castles' on the elm. The London road stretched away towards the rising sun; and to the west were swelling hills and peaks, behind which many a time Harry Esmond saw the same sun setting, that he now looks on thousands of miles away across the great ocean—in a new Castlewood, by another stream, that bears, like the new country of wandering Aeneas, the fond names of the land of his youth.

The Hall of Castlewood was built with two courts, whereof one only, the fountain-court, was now inhabited, the other having been battered down in the Cromwellian wars. In the fountain-court, still in good repair, was the great hall, near to the kitchen and butteries—a dozen of living-rooms looking to the north, and communicating with the little chapel that faced eastwards and the buildings stretching from that to the main gate, and with the hall (which looked to the west) into the court now dismantled. This court had been the most magnificent of the two, until the Protector's cannon tore down one side of it before the place was taken and stormed. The besiegers entered at the terrace under the clock-tower, slaying every man of the garrison, and at their head my lord's brother, Francis Esmond.

The Restoration did not bring enough money to the Lord Castlewood to restore this ruined part of his house, where were the morning parlours, above them the long music-gallery, and before which stretched the garden-terrace,

where, however, the flowers grew again which the boots of the Roundheads had trodden in their assault, and which was restored without much cost, and only a little care, by both ladies who succeeded the second viscount in the government of this mansion. Round the terrace-garden was a low wall, with a wicket leading to the wooded height beyond, that is called Cromwell's Battery to this day.

Young Harry Esmond learned the domestic part of his duty, which was easy enough, from the groom of her ladyship's chamber—serving the Countess, as the custom commonly was in his boyhood, as page, waiting at her chair, bringing her scented water and the silver basin after dinner, sitting on her carriage-step on state occasions, or on public days introducing her company to her. This was chiefly of the Catholic gentry, of whom there were a pretty many in the country and neighbouring city, and who rode not seldom to Castlewood to partake of the hospitalities there. In the second year of their residence, the company seemed especially to increase. My lord and my lady were seldom without visitors, in whose society it was curious to contrast the difference of behaviour between Father Holt, the director of the family, and Doctor Tusher, the rector of the parish—Mr. Holt moving amongst the very highest as quite their equal, and as commanding them all ; while poor Doctor Tusher, whose position was indeed a difficult one, having been chaplain once to the Hall, and still to the Protestant servants there, seemed more like an usher than an equal, and always rose to go away after the first course.

Also there came in these times to Father Holt many private visitors, whom, after a little, Henry Esmond had little difficulty in recognizing as ecclesiastics of the Father's persuasion, whatever their dresses (and they adopted all) might be. These were closeted with the Father constantly,

and often came and rode away without paying their devoirs to my lord and lady—to the lady and lord rather, his lordship being little more than a cipher in the house, and entirely under his domineering partner. A little fowling, a little hunting, a great deal of sleep, and a long time at cards and table, carried through one day after another with his lordship. When meetings took place in this second year, which often would happen with closed doors, the page found my lord's sheet of paper scribbled over with dogs and horses, and 'twas said he had much ado to keep himself awake at these councils, the Countess ruling over them, and he acting as little more than her secretary.

Father Holt began speedily to be so much occupied with these meetings as rather to neglect the education of the little lad who so gladly put himself under the kind priest's orders. At first they read much and regularly, both in Latin and French; the Father not neglecting in anything to impress his faith upon his pupil, but not forcing him violently, and treating him with a delicacy and kindness which surprised and attached the child, always more easily won by these methods than by any severe exercise of authority. And his delight in their walks was to tell Harry of the glories of his order, of its martyrs and heroes, of its brethren converting the heathen by myriads, traversing the desert, facing the stake, ruling the courts and councils or braving the tortures of kings; so that Harry Esmond thought that to belong to the Jesuits was the greatest prize of life and bravest end of ambition—the greatest career here, and in heaven the surest reward—and began to long for the day, not only when he should enter into the one church and receive his first communion, but when he might join that wonderful brotherhood, which was present throughout all the world, and which numbered the wisest, the bravest, the highest born, the most eloquent of men

among its members. Father Holt bade him keep his views secret, and to hide them as a great treasure which would escape him if it was revealed; and, proud of this confidence and secret vested in him, the lad became fondly attached to the master who initiated him into a mystery so wonderful and awful. And when little Tom Tusher, his neighbour, came from school for his holiday, and said how he, too, was to be bred up for an English priest, and would get what he called an exhibition from his school, and then a college scholarship and fellowship, and then a good living, it tasked young Harry Esmond's powers of reticence not to say to his young companion, 'Church! priesthood! fat living! My dear Tommy, do you call yours a church and a priesthood? What is a fat living compared to converting a hundred thousand heathens by a single sermon? What is a scholarship at Trinity by the side of a crown of martyrdom, with angels awaiting you as your head is taken off? Could your master at school sail over the Thames on his gown? Have you statues in your church that can bleed, speak, walk, and cry? My good Tommy, in dear Father Holt's church these things take place every day. You know Saint Philip of the Willows appeared to Lord Castlewood, and caused him to turn to the one true church. No saints ever come to you.' And Harry Esmond, because of his promise to Father Holt, hiding away these treasures of faith from T. Tusher, delivered himself of them nevertheless simply to Father Holt, who stroked his head, smiled at him with his inscrutable look, and told him that he did well to meditate on these great things, and not to talk of them except under direction.

HARRY ESMOND COMES HOME

I

THERE was scarce a score of persons in the Cathedral besides the dean and some of his clergy, and the choristers, young and old, that performed the beautiful evening prayer. But Dr. Tusher was one of the officiants, and read from the eagle, in an authoritative voice, and a great black periwig ; and in the stalls, still in her black widow's hood, sat Esmond's dear mistress, her son by her side, very much grown, and indeed a noble-looking youth, with his mother's eyes, and his father's curling brown hair, that fell over his *point de Venise*—a pretty picture such as Vandyke might have painted. Monsieur Rigaud's portrait of my lord viscount, done at Paris afterwards, gives but a French version of his manly, frank, English face. When he looked up there were two sapphire beams out of his eyes, such as no painter's palette has the colour to match, I think. On this day there was not much chance of seeing that particular beauty of my young lord's countenance ; for the truth is, he kept his eyes shut for the most part, and, the anthem being rather long, was asleep.

But the music ceasing, my lord woke up, looking about him, and his eyes lighting on Mr. Esmond, who was sitting opposite him, gazing with no small tenderness and melancholy upon two persons who had had so much of his heart for so many years ; Lord Castlewood, with a start, pulled at his mother's sleeve (her face had scarce been lifted from her book), and said, ' Look, mother ! ' so loud, that Esmond could hear on the other side of the church, and the old dean on his throned stall. Lady Castlewood looked for an instant as her son bade her, and held up a warning

finger to Frank ; Esmond felt his whole face flush, and his heart throbbing, as that dear lady beheld him once more. The rest of the prayers were speedily over : Mr. Esmond did not hear them ; nor did his mistress, very likely, whose hood went more closely over her face, and who never lifted her head again until the service was over, the blessing given, and Mr. Dean, and his procession of ecclesiastics, out of the inner chapel.

Young Castlewood came clambering over the stalls before the clergy were fairly gone, and, running up to Esmond, eagerly embraced him. ' My dear, dearest old Harry,' he said, ' are you come back ? Have you been to the wars ? You'll take me with you when you go again ? Why didn't you write to us ? Come to mother.'

Mr. Esmond could hardly say more than a ' God bless you, my boy,' for his heart was very full and grateful at all this tenderness on the lad's part ; and he was as much moved at seeing Frank, as he was fearful about that other interview which was now to take place ; for he knew not if the widow would reject him as she had done so cruelly a year ago.

' It was kind of you to come back to us, Henry,' Lady Esmond said, ' I thought you might come.'

' We read of the fleet coming to Portsmouth. Why did you not come from Portsmouth ? ' Frank asked, or my lord viscount, as he now must be called.

Esmond had thought of that too. He would have given one of his eyes so that he might see his dear friends again once more ; but believing that his mistress had forbidden him her house, he had obeyed her, and remained at a distance.

' You had but to ask, and you knew I would be here,' he said.

She gave him her hand, her little fair hand : there was only her marriage ring on it. The quarrel was all over. The year of grief and estrangement was passed. They never had been separated. His mistress had never been out of his mind all that time. No, not once. No, not in the prison ; nor in the camp ; nor on shore before the enemy ; nor at sea under the stars of solemn midnight, nor as he watched the glorious rising of the dawn : not even at the table, where he sat carousing with friends, or at the theatre yonder, where he tried to fancy that other eyes were brighter than hers. Brighter eyes there might be, and faces more beautiful, but none so dear—no voice so sweet as that of his beloved mistress, who had been sister, mother, goddess to him during his youth—goddess now no more, for he knew of her weaknesses ; and by thought, by suffering, and that experience it brings, was older now than she ; but more fondly cherished as woman perhaps than ever she had been adored as divinity. What is it ? Where lies it ? the secret which makes one little hand the dearest of all ? Whoever can unriddle that mystery ? Here she was, her son by his side, his dear boy. Here she was, weeping and happy. She took his hand in both hers ; he felt her tears. It was a rapture of reconciliation.

‘ Here comes Squaretoes,’ says Frank. ‘ Here ’s Tusher.’

Tusher, indeed, now appeared, creaking on his great heels. Mr. Tom had divested himself of his alb or surplice, and came forward habited in his cassock and great black periwig. How had Harry Esmond ever been for a moment jealous of this fellow ?

‘ Give us thy hand, Tom Tusher,’ he said. The chaplain made him a very low and stately bow. ‘ I am charmed to see Captain Esmond,’ says he. ‘ My lord and I have read the *Reddas incolumem precor*, and applied it, I am

sure, to you. You come back with Gaditanian laurels : when I heard you were bound thither, I wished, I am sure, I was another Septimius. My lord viscount, your lordship remembers *Septimi, Gades aditure mecum ?* ’

‘ There ’s an angle of earth that I love better than Gades, Tusher,’ says Mr. Esmond. ‘ ’Tis that one where your reverence hath a parsonage, and where our youth was brought up.’

‘ A house that has so many sacred recollections to me,’ says Mr. Tusher (and Harry remembered how Tom’s father used to flog him there)—‘ a house near to that of my respected patron, my most honoured patroness, must ever be a dear abode to me. But, madam, the verger waits to close the gates on your ladyship.’

‘ And Harry’s coming home to supper. Huzzay! huzzay!’ cries my lord. ‘ Mother, shall I run home and bid Beatrix put her ribbons on? Beatrix is a maid of honour, Harry. Such a fine set-up minx ! ’

‘ Your heart was never in the Church, Harry,’ the widow said, in her sweet low tone, as they walked away together. (Now, it seemed they had never been parted, and again, as if they had been ages asunder.) ‘ I always thought you had no vocation that way ; and that ’twas a pity to shut you out from the world. You would but have pined and chafed at Castlewood : and ’tis better you should make a name for yourself. I often said so to my dear lord. How he loved you ! ’Twas my lord that made you stay with us.’

I asked no better than to stay near you always,’ said Mr. Esmond.

‘ But to go was best, Harry. When the world cannot give peace, you will know where to find it ; but one of your strong imagination and eager desires must try the world first before he tires of it. ’Twas not to be thought of, or if it once was, it was only by my selfishness that you

should remain as chaplain to a country gentleman and tutor to a little boy. You are of the blood of the Esmonds, kinsman ; and that was always wild in youth. Look at Francis. He is but fifteen, and I scarce can keep him in my nest. His talk is all of war and pleasure, and he longs to serve in the next campaign. Perhaps he and the young Lord Churchill shall go the next. Lord Marlborough has been good to us. You know how kind they were in my misfortune. And so was your—your father's widow. No one knows how good the world is, till grief comes to try us. 'Tis through my Lady Marlborough's goodness that Beatrix hath her place at Court ; and Frank is under my Lord Chamberlain. And the dowager lady, your father's widow, has promised to provide for you—has she not ?'

Esmond said, ' Yes. As far as present favour went, Lady Castlewood was very good to him. And should her mind change,' he added gaily, ' as ladies' minds will, I am strong enough to bear my own burden, and make my way somehow. Not by the sword very likely. Thousands have a better genius for that than I, but there are many ways in which a young man of good parts and education can get on in the world ; and I am pretty sure, one way or other, of promotion !' Indeed, he had found patrons already in the army, and amongst persons very able to serve him, too ; and told his mistress of the flattering aspect of fortune. They walked as though they had never been parted, slowly, with the grey twilight closing round them.

II

As they came up to the house at Walcote, the windows from within were lighted up with friendly welcome ; the supper-table was spread in the oak-parlour ; it seemed as if forgiveness and love were awaiting the returning prodigal. Two or three familiar faces of domestics were on the look-

out at the porch—the old housekeeper was there, and young Lockwood from Castlewood in my lord's livery of tawny and blue. His dear mistress pressed his arm as they passed, into the hall. Her eyes beamed out on him with affection indescribable. 'Welcome,' was all she said : as she looked up, putting back her fair curls and black hood. A sweet rosy smile blushed on her face : Harry thought he had never seen her look so charming. Her face was lighted with a joy that was brighter than beauty—she took a hand of her son who was in the hall waiting his mother—she did not quit Esmond's arm.

'Welcome, Harry !' my young lord echoed after her. 'Here, we are all come to say so. Here's old Pincot, hasn't she grown handsome ?' and Pincot, who was older, and no handsomer than usual, made a curtsy to the captain, as she called Esmond, and told my lord to 'Have done, now.'

'And here's Jack Lockwood. He'll make a famous grenadier, Jack ; and so shall I ; we'll both 'list under you, cousin. As soon as I am seventeen, I go to the army—every gentleman goes to the army. Look ! who comes here—ho, ho !' he burst into a laugh. 'Tis Mistress Trix, with a new ribbon ; I knew she would put one on as soon as she heard a captain was coming to supper.'

This laughing colloquy took place in the hall of Walcote House : in the midst of which is a staircase that leads from an open gallery, where are the doors of the sleeping-chambers : and from one of these, a wax candle in her hand, and illuminating her, came Mistress Beatrix—the light falling indeed upon the scarlet ribbon which she wore, and upon the most brilliant white neck in the world.

Esmond had left a child and found a woman, grown beyond the common height ; and arrived at such a dazzling completeness of beauty, that his eyes might well show

surprise and delight at beholding her. In hers there was a brightness so lustrous and melting, that I have seen a whole assembly follow her as if by an attraction irresistible : and that night the great duke was at the playhouse after Ramillies, every soul turned and looked (she chanced to enter at the opposite side of the theatre at the same moment) at her, and not at him. She was a brown beauty : that is, her eyes, hair, and eyebrows and eyelashes, were dark : her hair curling with rich undulations, and waving over her shoulders ; but her complexion was as dazzling white as snow in sunshine ; except her cheeks, which were a bright red, and her lips, which were of a still deeper crimson. Her mouth and chin, they said, were too large and full, and so they might be for a goddess in marble, but not for a woman whose eyes were fire, whose look was love, whose voice was the sweetest low song, whose shape was perfect symmetry, health, decision, activity, whose foot as it planted itself on the ground, was firm but flexible, and whose motion, whether rapid or slow, was always perfect grace—agile as a nymph, lofty as a queen—now melting, now imperious, now sarcastic, there was no single movement of hers but was beautiful. As he thinks of her, he who writes feels young again, and remembers a paragon.

So she came holding her dress with one fair rounded arm, and her taper before her, tripping down the stair to greet Esmond.

‘ She hath put on her scarlet stockings and white shoes,’ says my lord, still laughing. ‘ Oh, my fine mistress ! is this the way you set your cap at the captain ! ’ She approached, shining smiles upon Esmond, who could look at nothing but her eyes. She advanced holding forward her head, as if she would have him kiss her as he used to do when she was a child.

‘ Stop,’ she said, ‘ I am grown too big ! Welcome, cousin

Harry,' and she made him an arch curtsy, sweeping down to the ground almost, with the most gracious bend, looking up the while with the brightest eyes and sweetest smile. Love seemed to radiate from her. Harry eyed her with such a rapture as the first lover is described as having by Milton.

' *N'est-ce pas ?* ' says my lady, in a low, sweet voice, still hanging on his arm.

Esmond turned round with a start and a blush, as he met his mistress's clear eyes. He had forgotten her, wrapt in admiration of the *filia pulcrrior*.

' Right foot forward, toe turned out, so : now drop the curtsy, and show the red stockings, Trix. They've silver clocks, Harry. The dowager sent 'em. She went to put 'em on,' cries my lord.

' Hush, you stupid child ! ' says miss, smothering her brother with kisses ; and then she must come and kiss her mamma, looking all the while at Harry, over his mistress's shoulder. And if she did not kiss him, she gave him both her hands, and then took one of his in both hands, and said, ' Oh, Harry, we're so, so glad you're come ! '

' There are woodcocks for supper,' says my lord : ' huzzay ! It was such a hungry sermon.'

' And it is the 29th of December ; and our Harry has come home.'

' Huzzay, old Pincot ! ' again says my lord ; and my dear lady's lips looked as if they were trembling with a prayer. She would have Harry lead in Beatrix to the supper-room, going herself with my young lord viscount ; and to this party came Tom Tusher directly, whom four at least out of the company of five wished away. Away he went, however, as soon as the sweetmeats were put down, and then, by the great crackling fire, his mistress or Beatrix, with her blushing graces, filling his glass for him, Harry told the story of his campaign, and passed the most

delightful night his life had ever known. The sun was up long ere he was, so deep, sweet, and refreshing was his slumber. He woke as if angels had been watching at his bed all night. I dare say one that was as pure and loving as an angel had blest his sleep with her prayers.

ON THE DUKE OF MARLBOROUGH

AND now, having seen a great military march through a friendly country ; the pomps and festivities of more than one German court ; the severe struggle of a hotly-contested battle, and the triumph of victory ; Mr. Esmond beheld another part of military duty ; our troops entering the enemy's territory, and putting all around them to fire and sword ; burning farms, wasted fields, shrieking women, slaughtered sons and fathers, and drunken soldiery, cursing and carousing in the midst of tears, terror, and murder. Why does the stately Muse of History, that delights in describing the valour of heroes and the grandeur of conquest, leave out these scenes, so brutal, mean, and degrading, that yet form by far the greater part of the drama of war ? You, gentlemen of England, who live at home at ease, and compliment yourselves in the songs of triumph with which our chieftains are bepraised—you pretty maidens, that come tumbling down the stairs when the fife and drum call you, and huzzah for the British Grenadiers—do you take account that these items go to make up the amount of the triumph you admire, and form part of the duties of the heroes you fondle ? Our chief, whom England and all Europe, saving only the Frenchmen, worshipped almost, had this of the godlike in him, that he was impassible before victory, before danger, before defeat. Before the greatest obstacle or the most trivial ceremony ; before a hundred thousand men

drawn in battalia, or a peasant slaughtered at the door of his burning hovel ; before a carouse of drunken German lords, or a monarch's court, or a cottage-table, where his plans were laid, or an enemy's battery, vomiting flame and death, and strewing corpses round about him ;—he was always cold, calm, resolute, like fate. He performed a treason or a court-bow, he told a falsehood as black as Styx, as easily as he paid a compliment or spoke about the weather. He took a mistress, and left her ; he betrayed his benefactor, and supported him, or would have murdered him, with the same calmness always, and having no more remorse than Clotho when she weaves the thread, or Lachesis when she cuts it. In the hour of battle I have heard the Prince of Savoy's officers say, the prince became possessed with a sort of warlike fury ; his eyes lighted up ; he rushed hither and thither, raging ; he shrieked curses and encouragement, yelling and harking his bloody war-dogs on, and himself always at the first of the hunt. Our duke was as calm at the mouth of the cannon as at the door of a drawing-room. Perhaps he could not have been the great man he was, had he had a heart either for love or hatred, or pity or fear, or regret, or remorse. He achieved the highest deed of daring, or deepest calculation of thought, as he performed the very meanest action of which a man is capable ; told a lie, or cheated a fond woman, or robbed a poor beggar of a halfpenny, with a like awful serenity and equal capacity of the highest and lowest acts of our nature.

His qualities were pretty well known in the army, where there were parties of all politics, and of plenty of shrewdness and wit ; but there existed such a perfect confidence in him, as the first captain of the world, and such a faith and admiration in his prodigious genius and fortune, that the very men whom he notoriously cheated of their pay, the

chiefs whom he used and injured—(for he used all men, great and small, that came near him, as his instruments alike, and took something of theirs, either some quality or some property—the blood of a soldier, it might be, or a jewelled hat, or a hundred thousand crowns from a king, or a portion out of a starving sentinel's three farthings ; or (when he was young) a kiss from a woman, and the gold chain off her neck, taking all he could from woman or man, and having, as I have said, this of the godlike in him, that he could see a hero perish or a sparrow fall, with the same amount of sympathy for either. Not that he had no tears ; he could always order up this reserve at the proper moment to battle ; he could draw upon tears or smiles alike, and whenever need was for using this cheap coin. He would cringe to a shoeblack, as he would flatter a minister or a monarch ; be haughty, be humble, threaten, repent, weep, grasp your hand, or stab you whenever he saw occasion)—But yet those of the army, who knew him best and had suffered most from him, admired him most of all : and as he rode along the lines to battle or galloped up in the nick of time to a battalion reeling from before the enemy's charge or shot, the fainting men and officers got new courage as they saw the splendid calm of his face, and felt that his will made them irresistible.

After the great victory of Blenheim the enthusiasm of the army for the duke, even of his bitterest personal enemies in it, amounted to a sort of rage—nay, the very officers who cursed him in their hearts, were among the most frantic to cheer him. Who could refuse his meed of admiration to such a victory and such a victor ? Not he who writes : a man may profess to be ever so much a philosopher ; but he who fought on that day must feel a thrill of pride as he recalls it.

FROM 'THE CHRONICLE OF THE DRUM'

LAST year, my love, it was my hap
 Behind a grenadier to be,
And, but he wore a hairy cap,
 No taller man, methinks, than me.

Prince Albert and the Queen, God wot,
 (Be blessings on the glorious pair !)
Before us passed. I saw them not—
 I only saw a cap of hair.

Your orthodox historian puts
 • In foremost rank the soldier thus,
The red-coat bully in his boots,
 That hides the march of men from us.

He puts him there in foremost rank,
 You wonder at his cap of hair :
You hear his sabre's cursed clank,
 His spurs are jingling everywhere.

Go to ! I hate him and his trade :
 Who bade us so to cringe and bend,
And all God's peaceful people made
 To such as him subservient ?

Tell me what find we to admire
 In epaulets and scarlet coats—
In men, because they load and fire,
 And know the art of cutting throats ?

* * * *

Ah, gentle, tender lady mine !
The winter wind blows cold and shrill ;
Come, fill me one more glass of wine,
And give the silly fools their will.

And what care we for war and wrack,
How kings and heroes rise and fall ?
Look yonder,¹ in his coffin black
There lies the greatest of them all !

To pluck him down, and keep him up,
Died many million human souls.—
'Tis twelve o'clock and time to sup ;
Bid Mary heap the fire with coals.

He captured many thousand guns ;
He wrote ' The Great ' before his name ;
And dying, only left his sons
The recollection of his shame.

Though more than half the world was his,
He died without a rood his own ;
And borrow'd from his enemies
Six foot of ground to lie upon.

He fought a thousand glorious wars,
And more than half the world was his,
And somewhere now, in yonder stars,
Can tell, mayhap, what greatness is.

¹ This ballad was written at Paris at the time of the Second Funeral of Napoleon.

FROM 'THE NEWCOMES'

THE EDUCATION OF A GENIUS

FOR a long time Mr. Samuel Ridley, butler and confidential valet to the Right Honourable John James Baron Todmorden, was in a state of the greatest despair and gloom about his only son, the little John James,—a sickly and almost deformed child 'of whom there was no making nothink', as Mr. Ridley said. His figure precluded him from following his father's profession, and waiting upon the British nobility, who naturally require large and handsome men to skip up behind their rolling carriages, and hand their plates at dinner. When John James was six years old, his father remarked, with tears in his eyes, he wasn't higher than a plate-basket. The boys jeered at him in the streets—some whopped him, spite of his diminutive size. At school he made but little progress. He was always sickly and dirty, and timid and crying, whimpering in the kitchen away from his mother; who, though she loved him, took Mr. Ridley's view of his character, and thought him little better than an idiot, until such time as little Miss Cann took him in hand, when at length there was some hope of him.

'Half-witted, you great stupid big man,' says Miss Cann, who had a fine spirit of her own. 'That boy half-witted! He has got more wit in his little finger than you have in all your great person! You are a very good man, Ridley, very good-natured I'm sure, and bear with the teasing of a waspish old woman: but you are not the wisest of mankind. Tut, tut, don't tell *me*. You know you spell out the words when you read the newspaper still; and what would you

bills look like, if I did not write them in my nice little hand? I tell you that boy is a genius. I tell you that one day the world will hear of him. His heart is made of pure gold. You think that all the wit belongs to the big people. Look at me, you great tall man! Am I not a hundred times cleverer than you are? Yes, and John James is worth a thousand such insignificant little chits as I am; and he is as tall as me too, sir. Do you hear that? One day I am determined he shall dine at Lord Tormorden's table, and he shall get the prize at the Royal Academy, and be famous, sir—famous!'

'Well, Miss C., I wish he may get it; that's all I say,' answers Mr. Ridley. 'The poor fellow does no harm, that I acknowledge; but *I* never see the good he was up to yet. I wish he'd begin it; I *du* wish he would now.' And the honest gentleman relapses into the study of his paper.

All those beautiful sounds and thoughts which Miss Cann conveys to him out of her charmed piano, the young artist straightway translates into forms; and knights in armour, with plume, and shield, and battle-axe; and splendid young noblemen with flowing ringlets, and bounteous plumes of feathers, and rapiers, and russet boots; and fierce banditti with crimson tights, doublets profusely illustrated with large brass buttons, and the dumpy basket-hilted claymores known to be the favourite weapon with which these whiskered ruffians do battle; wasp-waisted peasant girls, and young countesses with oh such large eyes and cherry lips!—all these splendid forms of war and beauty crowd to the young draughtsman's pencil, and cover letter-backs, copy-books, without end. If his hand strikes off some face peculiarly lovely, and to his taste, some fair vision that has shone on his imagination; some houri of a dancer; some bright young lady of fashion in an opera-box, whom he has seen, or fancied he has seen (for the youth is short-

sighted, though he hardly as yet knows his misfortune)—if he has made some effort extraordinarily successful, our young Pygmalion hides away the masterpiece, and he paints the beauty with all his skill ; the lips a bright carmine, the eyes a deep, deep cobalt, the cheeks a dazzling vermillion, the ringlets of a golden hue ; and he worships this sweet creature of his in secret ; fancies a history for her ; a castle to storm ; a tyrant usurper who keeps her imprisoned ; and a prince in black ringlets and a spangled cloak, who scales the tower, who slays the tyrant, and then kneels gracefully at the princess's feet, and says, ' Lady, wilt thou be mine ? '

There is a kind lady in the neighbourhood, who takes in dressmaking for the neighbouring maid-servants, and has a small establishment of lollipops, theatrical characters, and ginger-beer for the boys in Little Craggs Buildings, hard by the ' Running Footman ' public-house, where father and other gentlemen's gentlemen have their club : this good soul also sells Sunday newspapers to the footmen of the neighbouring gentry ; and besides, has a stock of novels for the ladies of the upper servants' table. Next to Miss Cann, Miss Flinders is John James's greatest friend and benefactor. She has remarked him when he was quite a little man, and used to bring his father's beer of a Sunday. Out of her novels he has taught himself to read, dull boy at the day-school though he was, and always the last in his class there. Hours, happy hours, has he spent cowering behind her counter, or hugging her books under his pinafore when he had leave to carry them home. The whole library has passed through his hands, his long, lean, tremulous hands, and under his eager eyes. He has made illustrations to every one of those books, and been frightened at his own pictures of Manfroni or the One-handed Monk, Abellino the Terrific Bravo of Venice, and Rinaldo Rinaldino

Captain of Robbers. ' How he has blistered Thaddeus of Warsaw with his tears, and drawn him in his Polish cap, and tights, and Hessians ! William Wallace, the Hero of Scotland, how nobly he has depicted him ! With what whiskers and bushy ostrich plumes !—in a tight kilt, and with what magnificent calves to his legs, laying about him with his battle-axe, and bestriding the bodies of King Edward's prostrate cavaliers ! At this time Mr. Honeyman comes to lodge in Walpole Street, and brings a set of Scott's novels, for which he subscribed when at Oxford ; and young John James, who at first waits upon him and does little odd jobs for the reverend gentleman, lights upon the volumes, and reads them with such a delight and passion of pleasure as all the delights of future days will scarce equal. A fool, is he ?—an idle feller, out of whom no good will ever come, as his father says. There was a time, when, in despair of any better chance for him, his parents thought of apprenticing him to a tailor, and John James was waked up from a dream of Rebecca, and informed of the cruelty meditated against him. I forbear to describe the tears and terror, and frantic desperation in which the poor boy was plunged. Little Miss Cann rescued him from that awful board ; and Honeyman likewise interceded for him ; and Mr. Bagshot promised that as soon as his party came in, he would ask the minister for a tide-waitership for him ; for everybody liked the solemn, soft-hearted, willing little lad ; and no one knew him less than his pompous and stupid and respectable father.

Miss Cann painted flowers and card-screens elegantly, and ' finished ' pencil-drawings most elaborately for her pupils. She could copy prints, so that at a little distance you would scarcely know that the copy in stumped chalk was not a bad mezzotinto engraving. She even had a little old paint-box, and showed you one or two ivory miniatures

out of the drawer. She gave John James what little knowledge of drawing she had, and handed him over her invaluable recipes for mixing water-colours—' for trees in foregrounds, burnt sienna and indigo '—' for very dark foliage, ivory black and gamboge '—' for flesh colour,' &c., &c. John James went through her poor little course, but not so brilliantly as she expected. She was forced to own that several of her pupils' 'pieces' were executed much more dexterously than Johnny Ridley's. Honeyman looked at the boy's drawings from time to time and said, 'Hm, ha!—very clever—a great deal of fancy, really.' But Honeyman knew no more of the subject than a deaf and dumb man knows of music. He could talk the art-cant very glibly, and had a set of Morghens and Madonnas as became a clergyman and a man of taste; but he saw not with eyes such as those wherewith Heaven had endowed the humble little butler's boy, to whom splendours of Nature were revealed to vulgar sights invisible, and beauties manifest in forms, colours, shadows of common objects, where most of the world saw only what was dull, and gross, and familiar. One reads in the magic story-books of a charm or a flower which the wizard gives, and which enables the bearer to see the fairies. O enchanting boon of Nature, which reveals to the possessor the hidden spirits of beauty round about him, spirits which the strongest and most gifted masters compel into painting or song! To others it is granted but to have fleeting glimpses of that fair Art-world; and tempted by ambition, or barred by faint-heartedness, or driven by necessity, to turn away thence to the vulgar life-track, and the light of common day.

FOUNDER'S DAY AT GREY FRIARS

MENTION has been made once or twice in the course of this history of the Grey Friars school,—where the colonel and Clive and I had been brought up,—an ancient foundation of the time of James I, still subsisting in the heart of London city. The death-day of the founder of the place is still kept solemnly by Cistercians. In their chapel, where assemble the boys of the school, and the fourscore old men of the hospital, the founder's tomb stands, a huge edifice, emblazoned with heraldic decorations, and clumsy carved allegories. There is an old hall, a beautiful specimen of the architecture of James's time ; an old hall ? many old halls ; old staircases, old passages, old chambers, decorated with old portraits, walking in the midst of which, we walk as it were in the early seventeenth century. To others than Cistercians, Grey Friars is a dreary place possibly. Nevertheless, the pupils educated there love to revisit it ; and the oldest of us grow young again for an hour or two as we come back into those scenes of childhood.

The custom of the school is, that on the 12th of December, the Founder's Day, the head gown-boy shall recite a Latin oration, in praise *Fundatoris Nostri*, and upon other subjects ; and a goodly company of old Cistercians is generally brought together to attend this oration : after which we go to chapel and hear a sermon ; after which we adjourn to a great dinner, where old condisciples meet, old toasts are given, and speeches are made. Before marching from the oration-hall to chapel, the stewards of the day's dinner, according to old-fashioned rite, have wands put into their hands, walk to church at the head of the procession, and sit there in places of honour. The boys are already in their seats, with smug fresh faces, and shining white collars ; the old black-gowned pensioners are on their

benches ; the chapel is lighted, and Founder's Tomb, with its grotesque carvings, monsters, heraldries, darkles and shines with the most wonderful shadows and lights. There he lies, Fundator Noster, in his ruff and gown, awaiting the great Examination Day. We oldsters, be we ever so old, become boys again as we look at that familiar old tomb, and think how the seats are altered since we were here, and how the doctor—not the present doctor, the doctor of *our* time—used to sit yonder, and his awful eye used to frighten us shuddering boys, on whom it lighted ; and how the boy next us *would* kick our shins during service time, and how the monitor would cane us afterwards because our shins were kicked. Yonder sit forty cherry-cheeked boys, thinking about home and holidays to-morrow. Yonder sit some threescore old gentlemen pensioners of the hospital, listening to the prayers and the psalms. You hear them coughing feebly in the twilight,—the old reverend blackgowns. Is Codd Ajax alive, you wonder ?—the Cistercian lads called these old gentlemen Codds, I know not wherefore—I know not wherefore—but is old Codd Ajax alive, I wonder ? or Codd Soldier ? or kind old Codd Gentleman, or has the grave closed over them ? A plenty of candles lights up this chapel, and this scene of age and youth, and early memories, and pompous death. How solemn the well-remembered prayers are, here uttered again in the place where in childhood we used to hear them ! How beautiful and decorous the rite ; how noble the ancient words of the supplications which the priest utters, and to which generations of fresh children, and troops of bygone seniors have cried Amen under those arches ! The service for Founder's Day is a special one ; one of the psalms selected being the thirty-seventh, and we hear—

23. The steps of a good man are ordered by the Lord, and he delighteth in his way.

24. Though he fall, he shall not be utterly cast down, for the Lord upholdeth him with His hand.

25. I have been young, and now am old, yet have I not seen the righteous forsaken, nor his seed begging their bread.

As we came to this verse, I chanced to look up from my book towards the swarm of black-coated pensioners : and amongst them—amongst them—sat Thomas Newcome.

His dear old head was bent down over his Prayer-book ; there was no mistaking him. He wore the black gown of the pensioners of the Hospital of Grey Friars. His Order of the Bath was on his breast. He stood there amongst the poor brethren, uttering the responses to the psalm. The steps of this good man had been ordered hither by Heaven's decree : to this Alms-house ! Here it was ordained that a life all love, and kindness and honour, should end ! I heard no more of prayers, and psalms, and sermon, after that. How dared I to be in a place of mark, and he, he yonder among the poor ? O pardon, you noble soul ! I ask forgiveness of you for being of a world that has so treated you—you my better, you the honest, and gentle, and good ! I thought the service would never end, or the organist's voluntaries, or the preacher's homily.

The organ played us out of chapel at length, and I waited in the ante-chapel until the pensioners took their turn to quit it. My dear, dear old friend ! I ran to him with a warmth and eagerness of recognition which no doubt showed themselves in my face and accents as my heart was moved at the sight of him. His own wan face flushed up when he saw me, and his hand shook in mine. ' I have found a home, Arthur,' said he. ' Don't you remember, before I went to India, when we came to see the old Grey Friars, and visited Captain Scarsdale in his room ?—a poor brother like me—an old Peninsular man ; Scarsdale is gone now, sir, and is where the wicked cease from troubling and

the weary are at rest ; and I thought then, when we saw him,—here would be a place for an old fellow when his career was over, to hang his sword up ; to humble his soul, and to wait thankfully for the end, Arthur. My good friend Lord H., who is a Cistercian like ourselves, and has just been appointed a governor, gave me his first nomination. Don't be agitated, Arthur, my boy, I am very happy. I have good quarters, good food, good light and fire, and good friends ; blessed be God ! my dear kind young friend—my boy's friend ; you have always been so, sir ; and I take it uncommonly kind of you, and I thank God for you, sir. Why, sir, I am as happy as the day is long.' He uttered words to this effect as we walked through the courts of the building towards his room, which in truth I found neat and comfortable, with a brisk fire crackling on the hearth ; a little tea-table laid out, a Bible and spectacles by the side of it, and over the mantelpiece a drawing of his grandfather by Clive.

' You may come and see me here, sir, whenever you like, and so may your dear wife and little ones, tell Laura, with my love ;—but you must not stay now. You must go back to your dinner.' In vain I pleaded that I had no stomach for it. He gave me a look, which seemed to say he desired to be alone, and I had to respect that order and leave him.

THE DEATH OF COLONEL NEWCOME

I

CLIVE, and the boy sometimes with him, used to go daily to Grey Friars, where the colonel still lay ill. After some days, the fever, which had attacked him, left him ; but left him so weak and enfeebled that he could only go from his bed to the chair by his fireside. The season

was exceedingly bitter, the chamber which he inhabited was warm and spacious ; it was considered inadvisable to move him until he had attained greater strength, and till warmer weather. The medical men of the House hoped he might rally in spring. My friend, Dr. Goodenough, came to him : he hoped too ; but not with a hopeful face. A chamber, luckily vacant, hard by the colonel's, was assigned to his friends, where we sat when we were too many for him. Besides his customary attendant, he had two dear and watchful nurses, who were almost always with him—Ethel and Madame de Florac, who had passed many a faithful year by an old man's bedside ; who would have come, as to a work of religion, to any sick couch, much more to this one where he lay for whose life she would once gladly have given her own.

But our colonel, we all were obliged to acknowledge, was no more our friend of old days. He knew us again, and was good to every one round him, as his wont was ; especially when Boy came, his old eyes lighted up with simple happiness, and, with eager trembling hands, he would seek under his bed-clothes, or the pockets of his dressing-gown, for toys or cakes, which he had caused to be purchased for his grandson. There was a little laughing, red-cheeked, white-headed gown-boy of the school, to whom the old man had taken a great fancy. One of the symptoms of his returning consciousness and recovery, as we hoped, was his calling for this child, who pleased our friend by his archness and merry ways ; and who, to the old gentleman's unfailling delight, used to call him ' Codd Colonel.' ' Tell little F——, that Codd Colonel wants to see him ! ' and the little gown-boy was brought to him ; and the colonel would listen to him for hours ; and hear all about his lessons and his play ; and prattle, almost as childishly, about Dr. Raine, and his own early schooldays. The boys

of the school, it must be said, had heard the noble old gentleman's touching history, and had all got to know and love him. They came every day to hear news of him ; sent him in books and papers to amuse him ; and some benevolent young souls,—God's blessing on all honest boys, say I,—painted theatrical characters, and sent them in to Codd Colonel's grandson. The little fellow was made free of gown-boys, and once came thence to his grandfather in a little gown, which delighted the old man hugely. Boy said he would like to be a little gown-boy ; and I make no doubt, when he is old enough, his father will get him that post, and put him under the tuition of my friend, Dr. Senior.

So weeks passed away, during which our dear old friend still remained with us. His mind was gone at intervals, but would rally feebly ; and with his consciousness returned his love, his simplicity, his sweetness. He would talk French with Madame de Florac, at which time his memory appeared to awaken with surprising vividness, his cheek flushed, and he was a youth again,—a youth all love and hope,—a stricken old man, with a beard as white as snow covering the noble care-worn face. At such times he called her by her Christian name of Léonore ; he addressed courtly old words of regard and kindness to the aged lady ; anon he wandered in his talk, and spoke to her as if they still were young. Now, as in those early days, his heart was pure ; no anger remained in it ; no guile tainted it ; only peace and goodwill dwelt in it.

II

THE days went on, and our hopes, raised sometimes, began to flicker and fail. One evening the colonel left his chair for his bed in pretty good spirits, but passed a disturbed night, and the next morning was too weak to rise.

Then he remained in his bed, and his friends visited him there. One afternoon he asked for his little gown-boy, and the child was brought to him, and sat by the bed with a very awe-stricken face ; and then gathered courage, and tried to amuse him by telling him how it was a half-holiday, and they were having a cricket-match with the St. Peter's boys in the green, and Grey Friars was in and winning. The colonel quite understood about it ; he would like to see the game ; he had played many a game on that green when he was a boy. He grew excited ; Clive dismissed his father's little friend, and put a sovereign into his hand ; and away he ran to say that Codd Colonel had come into a fortune, and to buy tarts, and to see the match out. *I, curre*, little white-haired gown-boy ! Heaven speed you, little friend.

After the child had gone, Thomas Newcome began to wander more and more. He talked louder ; he gave the word of command, spoke Hindostanee as if to his men. Then he spoke words in French rapidly, seizing a hand that was near him, and crying, ' *Toujours, toujours !* ' But it was Ethel's hand which he took. Ethel and Clive and the nurse were in the room with him ; the latter came to us who were sitting in the adjoining apartment ; Madame de Florac was there, with my wife and Bayham.

At the look in the woman's countenance Madame de Florac started up. ' He is very bad, he wanders a great deal,' the nurse whispered. The French lady fell instantly on her knees, and remained rigid in prayer.

Some time afterwards Ethel came in with a scared face to our pale group. ' He is calling for you again, dear lady,' she said, going up to Madame de Florac, who was still kneeling ; ' and just now, he said he wanted Pendennis to take care of his boy. He will not know you.' She hid her tears as she spoke.

She went into the room, where Clive was at the bed's foot ; the old man within it talked on rapidly for awhile : then again he would sigh and be still : once more I heard him say hurriedly, ' Take care of him when I'm in India ; ' and then with a heart-rending voice he called out ' Léonore, Léonore ! ' She was kneeling by his side now. The patient's voice sank into faint murmurs ; only a moan now and then announced that he was not asleep.

At the usual evening hour the chapel bell began to toll, and Thomas Newcome's hands outside the bed feebly beat a-time. And just as the last bell struck, a peculiar sweet smile shone over his face, and he lifted up his head a little, and quickly said ' Adsum ! ' and fell back. It was the word we used at school, when names were called ; and lo, he, whose heart was as that of a little child, had answered to his name, and stood in the presence of The Master.

THE BALLAD OF BOUILLABAISSE

A STREET there is in Paris famous,
For which no rhyme our language yields,
Rue Neuve des Petits Champs its name is—
The New Street of the Little Fields.
And here 's an inn, not rich and splendid,
But still in comfortable case ;
The which in youth I oft attended,
To eat a bowl of Bouillabaisse.

This Bouillabaisse a noble dish is—
A sort of soup or broth, or brew,
Or hotchpotch of all sorts of fishes,
That Greenwich never could outdo ;
Green herbs, red peppers, mussels, saffron,
Soles, onions, garlic, roach, and dace :
All these you eat at TERRÉ's tavern,
In that one dish of Bouillabaisse.

Indeed, a rich and savoury stew 'tis ;
And true philosophers, methinks,
Who love all sorts of natural beauties,
Should love good victuals and good drinks.
And Cordelier or Benedictine
Might gladly, sure, his lot embrace,
Nor find a fast-day too afflicting,
Which served him up a Bouillabaisse.

I wonder if the house still there is ?
Yes, here the lamp is, as before ;
The smiling red-cheeked *écaillère* is
Still opening oysters at the door.

Is TERRÉ still alive and able ?

I recollect his droll grimace :

He'd come and smile before your table,

And hope you liked your Bouillabaisse.

We enter—nothing 's changed or older.

' How 's Monsieur TERRÉ, waiter, pray ? '

The waiter stares and shrugs his shoulder—

' Monsieur is dead this many a day.'

' It is the lot of saint and sinner,

So honest TERRÉ's run his race.'

' What will Monsieur require for dinner ? '

' Say, do you still cook Bouillabaisse ? '

' Oh, oui, Monsieur,' 's the waiter's answer ;

' Quel vin Monsieur désire-t-il ? '

' Tell me a good one.'—' That I can, Sir ;

The Chambertin with yellow seal.'

' So TERRÉ's gone,' I say, and sink in

My old accustom'd corner-place ;

' He 's done with feasting and with drinking,

With Burgundy and Bouillabaisse.'

My old accustom'd corner here is,

The table still is in the nook ;

Ah ! vanish'd many a busy year is

This well-known chair since last I took.

When first I saw ye, *cari luoghi*,

I'd scarce a beard upon my face,

And now a grizzled, grim old foggy,

I sit and wait for Bouillabaisse.

Where are you, old companions trusty

Of early days here met to dine ?

Come, waiter ! quick, a flagon crusty—

I'll pledge them in the good old wine.

The kind old voices and old faces
My memory can quick retrace ;
Around the board they take their places,
And share the wine and Bouillabaisse.

There 's JACK has made a wondrous marriage ;
There 's laughing TOM is laughing yet ;
There 's brave AUGUSTUS drives his carriage ;
There 's poor old FRED in the *Gazette* ;
On JAMES's head the grass is growing :
Good Lord ! the world has wagged apace
Since here we set the claret flowing,
And drank, and ate the Bouillabaisse.

Ah me ! how quick the days are flitting !
I mind me of a time that 's gone,
When here I'd sit, as now I'm sitting,
In this same place—but not alone.
A fair young form was nestled near me,
A dear, dear face looked fondly up,
And sweetly spoke and smiled to cheer me
—There 's no one now to share my cup.

* * * * *

I drink it as the Fates ordain it.
Come, fill it, and have done with rhymes :
Fill up the lonely glass, and drain it
In memory of dear old times.
Welcome the wine, whate'er the seal is ;
And sit you down and say your grace
With thankful heart, whate'er the meal is.
—Here comes the smoking Bouillabaisse !

FROM 'THE ROSE AND THE RING'

HOW PRINCESS ANGELICA TOOK A LITTLE MAID

ONE day, when the Princess Angelica was quite a little girl, she was walking in the garden of the palace, with Mrs. Gruffanuff, the governess, holding a parasol over her head, to keep her sweet complexion from the freckles, and Angelica was carrying a bun, to feed the swans and ducks in the royal pond.

They had not reached the duck-pond, when there came toddling up to them such a funny little girl! She had a great quantity of hair blowing about her chubby little cheeks, and looked as if she had not been washed or combed for ever so long. She wore a ragged bit of a cloak, and had only one shoe on.

'You little wretch, who let you in here?' asked Gruffanuff.

'Dive me dat bun,' said the little girl; 'me vely hungry.'

'Hungry! what is that?' asked Princess Angelica, and gave the child the bun.

'Oh, Princess!' says Gruffanuff, 'how good, how kind, how truly angelical you are! See, your Majesties,' she said to the King and Queen, who now came up, along with their nephew, Prince Giglio, 'how kind the Princess is! She met this little dirty wretch in the garden—I can't tell how she came in here, or why the guards did not shoot her dead at the gate!—and the dear darling of a Princess has given her the whole of her bun!'

'I didn't want it,' said Angelica.

'But you are a darling little angel all the same,' says the governess.

'Yes; I know I am,' said Angelica. 'Dirty little girl, don't you think I am very pretty?' Indeed, she had on

the finest of little dresses and hats ; and, as her hair was carefully curled, she really looked very well.

‘ Oh, pooty, pooty ! ’ says the little girl, capering about, laughing, and dancing, and munching her bun ; and as she ate it she began to sing, ‘ Oh, what fun to have a plum bun ! how I wis it never was done ! ’ At which, and her funny accent, Angelica, Giglio, and the King and Queen began to laugh very merrily.

‘ I can dance as well as sing,’ says the little girl. ‘ I can dance, and I can sing, and I can do all sorts of ting.’ And she ran to a flower-bed, and, pulling a few polyanthus, rhododendrons, and other flowers, made herself a little wreath, and danced before the King and Queen so drolly and prettily, that everybody was delighted.

‘ Who was your mother—who were your relations, little girl ? ’ said the Queen.

The little girl said, ‘ Little lion was my brudder ; great big lioness my mudder ; neber heard of any udder.’ And she capered away on her one shoe, and everybody was exceedingly diverted.

So Angelica said to the Queen, ‘ Mamma, my parrot flew away yesterday out of its cage, and I don’t care any more for any of my toys ; and I think this funny little dirty child will amuse me. I will take her home, and give her some of my old frocks.’

‘ Oh, the generous darling ! ’ says Gruffanuff.

‘ Which I have worn ever so many times, and am quite tired of,’ Angelica went on ; ‘ and she shall be my little maid. Will you come home with me, little dirty girl ? ’

The child clapped her hands, and said, ‘ Go home with you—yes ! You pooty Princess !—Have a nice dinner, and wear a new dress ! ’

And they all laughed again, and took home the child to the palace, where, when she was washed and combed, and

had one of the Princess's frocks given to her, she looked as handsome as Angelica, almost. Not that Angelica ever thought so ; for this little lady never imagined that anybody in the world could be as pretty, as good, or as clever as herself. In order that the little girl should not become too proud and conceited, Mrs. Gruffanuff took her old ragged mantle and one shoe, and put them into a glass box, with a card laid upon them, upon which was written, ' These were the old clothes in which little BETSINDA was found when the great goodness and admirable kindness of Her Royal Highness the Princess Angelica received this little outcast.' And the date was added, and the box locked up.

For a while little Betsinda was a great favourite with the Princess, and she danced, and sang, and made her little rhymes, to amuse her mistress. But then the Princess got a monkey, and afterwards a little dog, and afterwards a doll, and did not care for Betsinda any more, who became very melancholy and quiet, and sang no more funny songs, because nobody cared to hear her. And then, as she grew older, she was made a little lady's-maid to the Princess ; and though she had no wages, she worked and mended, and put Angelica's hair in papers, and was never cross when scolded, and was always eager to please her mistress, and was always up early and to bed late, and at hand when wanted, and in fact became a perfect little maid. So the two girls grew up, and, when the Princess came out, Betsinda was never tired of waiting on her ; and made her dresses better than the best milliner, and was useful in a hundred ways. Whilst the Princess was having her masters, Betsinda would sit and watch them ; and in this way she picked up a great deal of learning ; for she was always awake, though her mistress was not, and listened to the wise professors when Angelica was yawning, or thinking of the next ball. And when the dancing-master came,

Betsinda learned along with Angelica ; and when the music-master came, she watched him, and practised the Princess's pieces when Angelica was away at balls and parties ; and when the drawing-master came, she took note of all he said and did ; and the same with French, Italian, and all other languages—she learned them from the teacher who came to Angelica. When the Princess was going out of an evening she would say, ' My good Betsinda, you may as well finish what I have begun.' ' Yes, Miss,' Betsinda would say, and sit down very cheerful, not to *finish* what Angelica began, but to *do* it.

For instance, the Princess would begin a head of a warrior, let us say, and when it was begun it was something like this :—



But when it was done, the warrior was like this :—



(only handsomer still if possible), and the Princess put her name to the drawing; and the Court and King and Queen, and above all poor Giglio, admired the picture of all things, and said, 'Was there ever a genius like Angelica?' So, I am sorry to say, was it with the Princess's embroidery and other accomplishments; and Angelica actually believed that she did these things herself, and received all the flattery of the Court as if every word of it was true. Thus she began to think that there was no young woman in all the world equal to herself, and that no young man was good enough for her. As for Betsinda, as she heard none of these praises, she was not puffed up by them, and being a most grateful, good-natured girl, she was only too anxious to do everything which might give her mistress pleasure. Now you begin to perceive that Angelica had faults of her own, and was by no means such a wonder of wonders as people represented Her Royal Highness to be.

BULBO IS REPRIEVED

'AND now let us think about breakfast,' says the greedy Queen.

'What dress shall I put on, mamma? the pink or the pea-green,' says Angelica. 'Which do you think the dear Prince will like best?'

'Mrs. V.!' sings out the King from his dressing-room, 'Let us have sausages for breakfast! Remember we have Prince Bulbo staying with us!'

And they all went to get ready.

Nine o'clock came, and they were all in the breakfast-room, and no Prince Bulbo as yet. The urn was hissing and humming: the muffins were smoking—such a heap of muffins! the eggs were done, there was a pot of raspberry

jam, and coffee, and a beautiful chicken and tongue on the side-table. Marmitonio the cook brought in the sausages. Oh, how nice they smelt !

‘Where is Bulbo ?’ said the King. ‘John, where is His Royal Highness ?’

John said he had a took hup His Roilighnessesses shaving water, and his clothes and things, and he wasn’t in his room, which he sposed His Royliness was just stepped hout.

‘Stepped out before breakfast in the snow ! Impossible !’ says the King, sticking his fork into a sausage. ‘My dear, take one. Angelica, won’t you have a saveloy ?’ The Princess took one, being very fond of them ; and at this moment Glumboso entered with Captain Hedzoff, both looking very much disturbed. ‘I am afraid your Majesty—’ cries Glumboso. ‘No business before breakfast, Glum !’ says the King. ‘Breakfast first, business next. • Mrs. V., some more sugar !’

‘Sire, I am afraid if we wait till after breakfast it will be too late,’ says Glumboso. ‘He—he—he’ll be hanged at half-past nine.’

‘Don’t talk about hanging and spoil my breakfast, you unkind, vulgar man you,’ cries the Princess. ‘John, some mustard. Pray, who is to be hanged ?’

‘Sire, it is the Prince,’ whispers Glumboso to the King.

‘Talk about business after breakfast, I tell you !’ says His Majesty, quite sulky.

‘We shall have a war, sire, depend on it,’ says the Minister. ‘His father, King Padella . . .’

‘His father, King *who* ?’ says the King. ‘King Padella is not Giglio’s father. My brother, King Savio, was Giglio’s father.’

‘It’s Prince Bulbo they are hanging, sire, not Prince Giglio,’ says the Prime Minister.

‘You told me to hang the Prince, and I took the ugly one,’

says Hedzoff. 'I didn't, of course, think your Majesty intended to murder your own flesh and blood!'

The King for all reply flung the plate of sausages at Hedzoff's head. The Princess cried out 'Hee-karee-karee!' and fell down in a fainting fit.

'Turn the cock of the urn upon Her Royal Highness,' said the King, and the boiling water gradually revived her. His Majesty looked at his watch, compared it by the clock in the parlour, and by that of the church in the square opposite; then he wound it up; then he looked at it again. 'The great question is,' says he, 'am I fast or am I slow? If I'm slow, we may as well go on with breakfast. If I'm fast, why there is just the possibility of saving Prince Bulbo. It's a doosid awkward mistake, and upon my word, Hedzoff, I have the greatest mind to have you hanged too.'

'Sire, I did but my duty; a soldier has but his orders. I didn't expect after forty-seven years of faithful service that my sovereign would think of putting me to a felon's death!'

'A hundred thousand plagues upon you. Can't you see that while you are talking my Bulbo is being hung!' screamed the Princess.

'By Jove! she's always right, that girl, and I'm so absent,' says the King, looking at his watch again. 'Ha! there go the drums! What a doosid awkward thing though!'

'O Papa, you goose! Write the reprieve, and let me run with it,' cries the Princess—and she got a sheet of paper, and pen and ink, and laid them before the King.

'Confound it! Where are my spectacles?' the monarch exclaimed. 'Angelica! Go up into my bedroom, look under my pillow, not your mamma's; there you'll see my keys. Bring them down to me, and—Well, well! what impetuous things these girls are!' Angelica was gone, and had run up panting to the bedroom, and found the keys, and was

back again before the King had finished a muffin. 'Now, love,' says he, 'you must go all the way back for my desk, in which my spectacles are. If you *would* but have heard me out . . . Be hanged to her. There she is off again. Angelica! ANGELICA!' When His Majesty called in his *loud* voice, she knew she must obey, and came back.

'My dear, when you go out of a room, how often have I told you, *shut the door*. That's a darling. That's all.' At last the keys and the desk and the spectacles were got, and the King mended his pen, and signed his name to a reprieve, and Angelica ran with it as swift as the wind. 'You'd better stay, my love, and finish the muffins. There's no use going. Be sure it's too late. Hand me over that raspberry jam, please,' said the monarch. 'Bong! Ba-wong! There goes the half-hour. I knew it was.'

Angelica ran, and ran, and ran, and ran. She ran up Fore-Street, and down High Street, and through the Market Place, and down to the left, and over the bridge, and up the blind alley, and back again, and round by the Castle, and so along by the haberdasher's on the right, opposite the lamp-post, and round the square, and she came—she came to the *Execution place*, where she saw Bulbo laying his head on the block!!! The executioner raised his axe, but at that moment the Princess came panting up and cried, 'Reprieve!' 'Reprieve!' screamed the Princess. 'Reprieve!' shouted all the people. Up the scaffold stairs she sprang, with the agility of a lighter of lamps; and flinging herself in Bulbo's arms, regardless of all ceremony, she cried out, 'O my Prince! my lord! my love! my Bulbo! Thine Angelica has been in time to save thy precious existence, sweet rosebud; to prevent thy being nipped in thy young bloom! Had aught befallen thee, Angelica too had died, and welcomed death that joined her to her Bulbo.'

‘H’m! there’s no accounting for tastes,’ said Bulbo, looking so very much puzzled and uncomfortable, that the Princess, in tones of tenderest strain, asked the cause of his disquiet.

‘I tell you what it is, Angelica,’ said he; ‘since I came here, yesterday, there has been such a row, and disturbance, and quarrelling, and fighting, and chopping of heads off, and the deuce to pay, that I am inclined to go back to Crim Tartary.’

‘But with me as thy bride, my Bulbo! Though wherever thou art is Crim Tartary to me, my bold, my beautiful, my Bulbo!’

‘Well, well, I suppose we must be married,’ says Bulbo. ‘Doctor, you came to read the Funeral Service—read the Marriage Service, will you? What must be, must. That will satisfy Angelica, and then, in the name of peace and quietness, do let us go back to breakfast.’

WHAT BECAME OF GIGLIO

THE idea of marrying such an old creature as Gruffanuff frightened Prince Giglio so, that he ran up to his room, packed his trunks, fetched in a couple of porters, and was off to the diligence office in a twinkling.

It was well that he was so quick in his operations, did not dawdle over his luggage, and took the early coach, for as soon as the mistake about Prince Bulbo was found out, that cruel Glumboso sent up a couple of policemen to Prince Giglio’s room, with orders that he should be carried to Newgate, and his head taken off before twelve o’clock. But the coach was out of the Paflogonian dominions before two o’clock; and I dare say the express that was sent after Prince Giglio did not ride very quick, for many

people in Paflagonia had a regard for Giglio, as the son of their old sovereign ; a Prince who, with all his weaknesses, was very much better than his brother, the usurping, lazy, careless, passionate, tyrannical reigning monarch. That Prince busied himself with the balls, fêtes, masquerades, hunting-parties, and so forth, which he thought proper to give on occasion of his daughter's marriage to Prince Bulbo ; and let us trust was not sorry in his own heart that his brother's son had escaped the scaffold.

It was very cold weather, and the snow was on the ground, and Giglio, who gave his name as simple Mr. Giles, was very glad to get a comfortable place on the coupé of the diligence, where he sat with the conductor and another gentleman. At the first stage from Blombodinga, as they stopped to change horses, there came up to the diligence a very ordinary vulgar-looking woman, with a bag under her arm, who asked for a place. All the inside places were taken, and the young woman was informed that if she wished to travel, she must go upon the roof ; and the passenger inside with Giglio (a rude person, I should think), put his head out of the window, and said, ' Nice weather for travelling outside ! I wish you a pleasant journey, my dear.' The poor woman coughed very much, and Giglio pitied her. ' I will give up my place to her,' says he, ' rather than she should travel in the cold air with that horrid cough.' On which the vulgar traveller said, ' *You'd* keep her warm, I am sure, if it's a *muff* she wants.' On which Giglio pulled his nose, boxed his ears, hit him in the eye, and gave this vulgar person a warning never to call him *muff* again.

Then he sprang up gaily on to the roof of the diligence, and made himself very comfortable in the straw. The vulgar traveller got down at the next station, and Giglio

took his place again, and talked to the person next to him. She appeared to be a most agreeable, well-informed, and entertaining female. They travelled together till night, and she gave Giglio all sorts of things out of the bag which she carried, and which indeed seemed to contain the most wonderful collection of articles. He was thirsty—out there came a pint bottle of Bass's pale ale, and a silver mug! Hungry—she took out a cold fowl, some slices of ham, bread, salt, and a most delicious piece of cold plum-pudding, and a little glass of brandy afterwards.

As they travelled, this plain-looking queer woman talked to Giglio on a variety of subjects, in which the poor Prince showed his ignorance as much as she did her capacity. He owned, with many blushes, how ignorant he was; on which the lady said, 'My dear Gigl—my good Mr. Giles, you are a young man, and have plenty of time before you. You have nothing to do but to improve yourself. Who knows but that you may find use for your knowledge some day? When—when you may be wanted at home, as some people may be.'

'Good heavens, madam!' says he, 'do you know me?'

'I know a number of funny things,' says the lady. 'I have been at some people's christenings, and turned away from other folks' doors. I have seen some people spoilt by good fortune, and others, as I hope, improved by hardship. I advise you to stay at the town where the coach stops for the night. Stay there and study, and remember your old friend to whom you were kind.'

'And who is my old friend?' asked Giglio.

'When you want anything,' says the lady, 'look in this bag, which I leave to you as a present, and be grateful to——'

'To whom, madam?' says he.

'To the Fairy Blackstick,' says the lady, flying out of

the window. And when Giglio asked the conductor if he knew where the lady was—

‘What lady?’ says the man; ‘there has been no lady in this coach, except the old woman, who got out at the last stage.’ And Giglio thought he had been dreaming. But there was the bag which Blackstick had given him lying on his lap; and when he came to the town he took it in his hand and went into the inn.

They gave him a very bad bedroom, and Giglio, when he woke in the morning, fancying himself in the Royal Palace at home, called, ‘John, Charles, Thomas! My chocolate—my dressing-gown—my slippers;’ but nobody came. There was no bell, so he went and bawled out for the waiter on the top of the stairs.

The landlady came up

‘What are you a-hollaring and a-bellaring for here, young man?’ says she.

‘There’s no warm water—no servants: my boots are not even cleaned.’

‘He, he! Clean ’em yourself,’ says the landlady. ‘You young students give yourselves pretty airs. I never heard such impudence.’

‘I’ll quit the house this instant,’ says Giglio.

‘The sooner the better, young man. Pay your bill and be off. All my rooms is wanted for gentlefolks, and not for such as you.’

‘You may well keep the Bear Inn,’ said Giglio. ‘You should have yourself painted as the sign.’

The landlady of the Bear went away *growling*. And Giglio returned to his room, where the first thing he saw was the fairy bag lying on the table, which seemed to give a little hop as he came in.

‘I hope it has some breakfast in it,’ says Giglio, ‘for I have only a very little money left.’

But on opening the bag, what do you think was there ? A blacking-brush and a pot of Warren's jet, and on the pot was written—

‘ Poor young men their boots must black ;
Use me and cork me and put me back.’

So Giglio laughed and blacked his boots, and put back the brush and the bottle into the bag.

When he had done dressing himself, the bag gave another little hop, and he went to it and took out—

1. A tablecloth and a napkin.
2. A sugar-basin full of the best loaf-sugar.
- 4, 6, 8, 10. Two forks, two teaspoons, two knives, and a pair of sugar-tongs and a butter-knife, all marked G.
- 11, 12, 13. A tea-cup, saucer, and slop-basin.
14. A jug full of delicious cream.
15. A canister with black tea and green.
16. A large tea-urn and boiling water.
17. A saucepan, containing three eggs nicely done.
18. A quarter of a pound of best Epping butter.
19. A brown loaf.

And if he hadn't enough now for a good breakfast, I should like to know who ever had one ?

Giglio, having had his breakfast, popped all the things back into the bag, and went out looking for lodgings. I forgot to say that this celebrated university town was called Bosforo.

He took a modest lodging opposite the Schools, paid his bill at the inn, and went to his apartment with his trunk, carpet-bag, and not forgetting, we may be sure, his *other* bag.

When he opened his trunk, which the day before he had filled with his best clothes, he found it contained only

books. And in the first of them which he opened there was written—

‘Clothes for the back, books for the head ;
Read, and remember them when they are read.’

And in his bag, when Giglio looked in it, he found a student’s cap and gown, a writing-book full of paper, an inkstand, pens, and a Johnson’s Dictionary, which was very useful to him, as his spelling had been sadly neglected.

So he sat down and worked away very very hard for a whole year, during which ‘Mr. Giles’ was quite an example to all the students in the University of Bosforo. He never got into any riots or disturbances. The Professors all spoke well of him, and the students liked him too ; so that when at examinations he took all the prizes, viz. :

{ The Spelling Prize	{ The French Prize
{ The Writing Prize	{ The Arithmetic Prize
{ The History Prize	{ The Latin Prize
{ The Catechism Prize	{ The Good Conduct Prize,

all his fellow students said, ‘Hurray ! Hurray for Giles ! Giles is the boy—the student’s joy ! Hurray for Giles !’ And he brought quite a quantity of medals, crowns, books, and tokens of distinction home to his lodgings.

LITTLE BILLEE

THERE were three sailors of Bristol city
Who took a boat and went to sea.
But first with beef and captain's biscuits
And pickled pork they loaded she.

There was gorging Jack and guzzling Jimmy,
And the youngest he was little Billee.
Now when they got as far as the Equator
They'd nothing left but one split pea.

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
'I am 'extremely hungaree.'
To gorging Jack says guzzling Jimmy,
'We've nothing left, us must eat we.'

Says gorging Jack to guzzling Jimmy,
'With one another we shouldn't agree !
There 's little Bill, he 's young and tender,
We're old and tough, so let 's eat he.

'Oh ! Billy, we're going to kill and eat you,
So undo the button of your chemie.'
When Bill received this information
He used his pocket handkerchie.

'First let me say my catechism,
Which my poor mammy taught to me.'
'Make haste, make haste,' says guzzling Jimmy
While Jack pulled out his snickersnee.

So Billy went up to the main-top gallant mast,
And down he fell on his bended knee.
He scarce had come to the twelfth commandment
When up he jumps. ' There 's land I see :

' Jerusalem and Madagascar,
And North and South Amerikee :
There 's the British flag a riding at anchor,
With Admiral Napier, K.C.B.'

So when they got aboard of the Admiral's
He hanged fat Jack and flogged Jimmee ;
But as for little Bill he made him
The Captain of a Seventy-three.

FROM 'THE VIRGINIANS'

COLONEL ESMOND'S GRANDSONS

WHEN the boys' grandfather died, their mother, in great state, proclaimed her eldest son George her successor, and heir of the estate ; and Harry, George's younger brother by half an hour, was always enjoined to respect his senior. All the household was equally instructed to pay him honour ; the negroes, of whom there was a large and happy family, and the assigned servants from Europe, whose lot was made as bearable as it might be under the government of the Lady of Castlewood. In the whole family there scarcely was a rebel save Mrs. Esmond's faithful friend and companion, Madam Mountain, and Harry's foster-mother, a faithful negro woman, who never could be made to understand why her child should not be first, who was handsomer, and stronger, and cleverer than his brother, as she vowed ; though, in truth, there was scarcely any difference in the beauty, strength, or stature of the twins. In disposition, they were in many points exceedingly unlike ; but in feature they resembled each other so closely, that but for the colour of their hair it had been difficult to distinguish them. In their beds, and when their heads were covered with those vast ribboned nightcaps which our great and little ancestors wore, it was scarcely possible for any but a nurse or a mother to tell the one from the other child.

Howbeit alike in form, we have said that they differed in temper. The elder was peaceful, studious, and silent ; the younger was warlike and noisy. He was quick at learning when he began, but very slow at beginning. No threats of the ferule would provoke Harry to learn in an

idle fit, or would prevent George from helping his brother in his lesson. Harry was of a strong military turn, drilled the little negroes on the estate and caned them like a corporal, having many good boxing-matches with them, and never bearing malice if he was worsted;—whereas George was sparing of blows and gentle with all about him. As the custom in all families was, each of the boys had a special little servant assigned him; and it was a known fact that George, finding his little wretch of a blackamoor asleep on his master's bed, sat down beside it and brushed the flies off the child with a feather fan, to the horror of old Gumbo, the child's father, who found his young master so engaged, and to the indignation of Madam Esmond, who ordered the young negro off to the proper officer for a whipping. In vain George implored and entreated—burst into passionate tears, and besought a remission of the sentence. His mother was inflexible regarding the young rebel's punishment, and the little negro went off beseeching his young master not to cry.

A fierce quarrel between mother and son ensued out of this event. Her son would not be pacified. He said the punishment was a shame—a shame; that he was the master of the boy, and no one—no, not his mother,—had a right to touch him; that she might order *him* to be corrected, and that he would suffer the punishment, as he and Harry often had, but no one should lay a hand on his boy. Trembling with passionate rebellion against what he conceived the injustice of procedure, he vowed—actually shrieking out an oath, which shocked his fond mother and governor, who never before heard such language from the usually gentle child—that on the day he came of age he would set young Gumbo free—went to visit the child in the slave's quarters, and gave him one of his own toys.

The young black martyr was an impudent, lazy, saucy

little personage, who would be none the worse for a whipping, as the colonel no doubt thought ; for he acquiesced in the child's punishment when Madam Esmond insisted upon it, and only laughed in his good-natured way when his indignant grandson called out,

' You let mamma rule you in everything, grandpapa.'

' Why, so I do,' says grandpapa. ' Rachel, my love, the way in which I am petticoat-ridden is so evident that even this baby has found it out.'

' Then why don't you stand up like a man ? ' says little Harry, who always was ready to abet his brother.

Grandpapa looked queerly.

' Because I like sitting down best, my dear,' he said. ' I am an old gentleman, and standing fatigues me.'

On account of a certain apish drollery and humour which exhibited itself in the lad, and a liking for some of the old man's pursuits, the first of the twins was the grandfather's favourite and companion, and would laugh and talk out all his infantine heart to the old gentleman, to whom the younger had seldom a word to say. George was a demure, studious boy, and his senses seemed to brighten up in the library, where his brother was so gloomy. He knew the books before he could wellnigh carry them, and read in them long before he could understand them. Harry, on the other hand, was all alive in the stables or in the wood, eager for all parties of hunting and fishing, and promised to be a good sportsman from a very early age. Their grandfather's ship was sailing for Europe once when the boys were children, and they were asked what present Captain Franks should bring them back ? George was divided between books and a fiddle ; Harry instantly declared for a little gun : and Madam Warrington (as she then was called) was hurt that her elder boy should have low tastes, and applauded the younger's choice as more

worthy of his name and lineage. 'Books, papa, I can fancy to be a good choice,' she replied to her father, who tried to convince her that George had a right to his opinion, 'though I am sure you must have pretty nigh all the books in the world already. But I never can desire—I may be wrong, but I never can desire—that my son, and the grandson of the Marquis of Esmond should be a fiddler.'

'Should be a fiddlestick, my dear,' the old colonel answered. 'Remember that Heaven's ways are not ours, and that each creature born has a little kingdom of thought of his own, which it is a sin in us to invade. Suppose George loves music? You can no more stop him than you can order a rose not to smell sweet, or a bird not to sing.'

'A bird! A bird sings from nature; George did not come into the world with a fiddle in his hand,' says Mrs. Warrington, with a toss of her head. 'I am sure I hated the Harpsichord when a chit at Kensington School, and only learned to please my mamma. Say what you will, dear sir, I can *not* believe that this fiddling is work for persons of fashion.'

'And King David who played the harp, my dear?'

'I wish my papa would read him more, and not speak about him in that way,' said Mrs. Warrington.

'Nay, my dear, it was but by way of illustration,' the father replied gently. It was Colonel Esmond's nature, as he has owned in his own biography, always to be led by a woman; and, his wife dead, he coaxed and dandled and spoiled his daughter; laughing at her caprices, but humouring them; making a joke of her prejudices, but letting them have their way; indulging, and perhaps increasing, her natural imperiousness of character, though it was his maxim that we can't change dispositions by meddling, and only make hypocrites of our children by commanding them over-much.

THE NEW TUTOR

WARD was a handsome young man. His preaching pleased Madam Esmond from the first, and, I dare say, satisfied her as much as Mr. Whitfield's. Of course it cannot be the case at the present day when they are so finely educated, but women a hundred years ago were credulous, eager to admire and believe, and apt to imagine all sorts of excellences in the object of their admiration. For weeks, nay, months, Madam Esmond was never tired of hearing Mr. Ward's great glib voice and voluble common-places : and, according to her wont, she insisted that her neighbours should come and listen to him, and ordered them to be converted. Her young favourite, Mr. Washington, she was especially anxious to influence ; and again and again pressed him to come and stay at Castlewood and benefit by the spiritual advantages there to be obtained. But that young gentleman found he had particular business which called him home or away from home, and always ordered his horse of evenings, when the time was coming for Mr. Ward's exercises. And—what boys are just towards their pedagogue ?—the twins grew speedily tired and even rebellious under their new teacher.

They found him a bad scholar, a dull fellow, and ill-bred to boot. George knew much more Latin and Greek than his master, and caught him in perpetual blunders and false quantities. Harry, who could take much greater liberties than were allowed to his elder brother, mimicked Ward's manner of eating and talking, so that Mrs. Mountain and even Madam Esmond were forced to laugh, and little Fanny Mountain would crow with delight. Madam Esmond would have found the fellow out for a vulgar quack but for her sons' opposition, which she, on her part,

opposed with her own indomitable will. 'What matters whether he has more or less of profane learning?' she asked; 'in that which is most precious, Mr. W. is able to be a teacher to all of us. What if his manners are a little rough? Heaven does not choose its elect from among the great and wealthy. I wish you knew *one* book, children, as well as Mr. Ward does. It is your wicked pride—the pride of all the Esmonds—which prevents you from listening to him. Go down on your knees in your chamber and pray to be corrected of that dreadful fault.' Ward's discourse that evening was about Naaman the Syrian, and the pride he had in his native rivers of Abana and Pharpar, which he vainly imagined to be superior to the healing waters of Jordan—the moral being, that he, Ward, was the keeper and guardian of the undoubted waters of Jordan, and that the unhappy, conceited boys must go to perdition unless they came to him.

George now began to give way to a wicked sarcastic method, which, perhaps, he had inherited from his grandfather, and with which, when a quiet, skilful young person chooses to employ it, he can make a whole family uncomfortable. He took up Ward's pompous remarks and made jokes of them, so that that young divine chafed and almost choked over his great meals. He made Madam Esmond angry, and doubly so when he sent off Harry into fits of laughter. Her authority was defied, her officer scorned and insulted, her youngest child perverted, by the obstinate elder brother. She made a desperate and unhappy attempt to maintain her power.

The boys were fourteen years of age, Harry being taller and much more advanced than his brother, who was delicate, and as yet almost childlike in stature and appearance. The *baculine* method was a quite common mode of argument in those days. Sergeants, schoolmasters.

slave-overseers, used the cane freely. Our little boys had been horsed many a day by Mr. Dempster, their Scotch tutor, in their grandfather's time ; and Harry, especially, had got to be quite accustomed to the practice, and made very light of it. But, in the interregnum after Colonel Esmond's death, the cane had been laid aside, and the young gentlemen of Castlewood had been allowed to have their own way. Her own and her lieutenant's authority being now spurned by the youthful rebels, the unfortunate mother thought of restoring it by means of coercion. She took counsel of Mr. Ward. That athletic young pedagogue could easily find chapter and verse to warrant the course which he wished to pursue—in fact, there was no doubt about the wholesomeness of the practice in those days. He had begun by flattering the boys, finding a good berth and snug quarters at Castlewood, and hoping to remain there. But they laughed at his flattery, they scorned his bad manners, they yawned soon at his sermons ; the more their mother favoured him, the more they disliked him ; and so the tutor and the pupils cordially hated each other. Mrs. Mountain, who was the boys' friend, especially George's friend, whom she thought unjustly treated by his mother, warned the lads to be prudent, and that some conspiracy was hatching against them. 'Ward is more obsequious than ever to your mamma. It turns my stomach, it does, to hear him flatter, and to see him gobble—the odious wretch ! You must be on your guard, my poor boys—you must learn your lessons, and not anger your tutor. A mischief will come, I know it will. Your mamma was talking about you to Mr. Washington the other day, when I came into the room. I don't like that Major Washington, you know I don't. Don't say—Oh, Mounty ! Master Harry. You always stand up for your friends, you do. The major is very

handsome and tall, and he may be very good, but he is much too *old* a young man for me. Bless you, my dears, the quantity of wild oats your father sowed and my own poor Mountain when they were ensigns in Kingsley's, would fill sacks full! Show me Mr. Washington's wild oats, I say—not a grain! Well, I happened to step in last Tuesday, when he was here with your mamma; and I am sure they were talking about you, for he said, "Discipline is discipline, and must be preserved. There can be but one command in a house, ma'am, and you must be the mistress of yours."'

'The very words he used to me,' cries Harry. 'He told me that he did not like to meddle with other folks' affairs, but that our mother was very angry, dangerously angry, he said, and he begged me to obey Mr. Ward, and specially to press George to do so.'

'Let him manage his own house, not mine,' says George, very haughtily. And the caution, far from benefiting him, only rendered the lad more supercilious and refractory.

On the next day the storm broke, and vengeance fell on the little rebel's head. Words passed between George and Mr. Ward during the morning study. The boy was quite insubordinate and unjust; even his faithful brother cried out, and owned that he was in the wrong. Mr. Ward kept his temper—to compress, bottle up, cork down, and prevent your anger from present furious explosion, is called keeping your temper—and said he should speak upon this business to Madam Esmond. When the family met at dinner, Mr. Ward requested her ladyship to stay, and, temperately enough, laid the subject of dispute before her.

He asked Master Harry to confirm what he had said: and poor Harry was obliged to admit all the dominie's statements.

George, standing under his grandfather's portrait by

the chimney, said haughtily that what Mr. Ward had said was perfectly correct.

‘To be a tutor to such a pupil is absurd,’ said Mr. Ward, making a long speech, interspersed with many of his usual Scripture phrases, at each of which, as they occurred, that wicked young George smiled, and pished scornfully, and at length Ward ended by asking her honour’s leave to retire.

‘Not before you have punished this wicked and disobedient child,’ said Madam Esmond, who had been gathering anger during Ward’s harangue, and especially at her son’s behaviour.

‘Punish!’ says George.

‘Yes, sir, punish! If means of love and entreaty fail, as they have with your proud heart, other means must be found to bring you to obedience. I punish you now, rebellious boy, to guard you from greater punishment hereafter. The discipline of this family must be maintained. There can be but one command in a house, and I must be the mistress of mine. You will punish this refractory boy, Mr. Ward, as we have agreed that you should do, and if there is the least resistance on his part, my overseer and servants will lend you aid.’

In some such words the widow no doubt must have spoken, but with many vehement Scriptural allusions, which it does not become this chronicler to copy. To be for ever applying to the Sacred Oracles, and accommodating their sentences to your purpose—to be for ever taking Heaven into your confidence about your private affairs, and passionately calling for its interference in your family quarrels and difficulties—to be so familiar with its designs and schemes as to be able to threaten your neighbour with its thunders, and to know precisely its intentions regarding him and others who differ from your infallible

opinion—this was the schooling which our simple widow had received from her impetuous young spiritual guide, and I doubt whether it brought her much comfort.

In the midst of his mother's harangue, in spite of it, perhaps, George Esmond felt he had been wrong. 'There can be but one command in the house, and you must be mistress—I know who said those words before you,' George said slowly, and looking very white—'and—and I know, mother, that I have acted wrongly to Mr. Ward.'

'He owns it! He asks pardon!' cries Harry. 'That's right, George! That's enough, isn't it?'

'No, it is *not* enough!' cried the little woman. 'The disobedient boy must pay the penalty of his disobedience. When I was headstrong, as I sometimes was as a child before my spirit was changed and humbled, my mamma punished me, and I submitted. So must George. I desire you will do your duty, Mr. Ward.'

'Stop, mother!—you don't quite know what you are doing,' George said, exceedingly agitated.

'I know that he who spares the rod spoils the child, ungrateful boy!' says Madam Esmond, with more references of the same nature, which George heard, looking very pale and desperate.

Upon the mantelpiece, under the colonel's portrait, stood a china cup, by which the widow set great store, as her father had always been accustomed to drink from it. George suddenly took it, and a strange smile passed over his pale face.

'Stay one minute. Don't go away yet,' he cried to his mother, who was leaving the room. 'You—you are very fond of this cup, mother?'—and Harry looked at him, wondering. 'If I broke it, it could never be mended, could it? All the tinkers' rivets would not make it a whole cup again. My dear old grandpapa's cup! I have been

wrong. Mr. Ward, I ask pardon. I will try and amend.'

The widow looked at her son indignantly, almost scornfully. 'I thought,' she said, 'I thought an Esmond had been more of a man than to be afraid, and'—here she gave a little scream as Harry uttered an exclamation, and dashed forward with his hands stretched out towards his brother.

George, after looking at the cup, raised it, opened his hand, and let it fall on the marble slab below him. Harry had tried in vain to catch it.

'It is too late, Hal,' George said. 'You will never mend that again—never. Now, mother, I am ready, as it is your wish. Will you come and see whether I am afraid? Mr. Ward, I am your servant. Your servant? Your slave! And the next time I meet Mr. Washington, madam, I will thank him for the advice which he gave you.'

'I say, do your duty, sir!' cried Mrs. Esmond, stamping her little foot. And George, making a low bow to Mr. Ward, begged him to go first out of the room to the study.

'Stop! For God's sake, mother, stop!' cried poor Hal. But passion was boiling in the little woman's heart, and she would not hear the boy's petition. 'You only abet him, sir!' she cried. 'If I had to do it myself, it should be done!' And Harry, with sadness and wrath in his countenance, left the room by the door through which Mr. Ward and his brother had just issued.

The widow sank down on a great chair near it, and sat a while vacantly looking at the fragments of the broken cup. Then she inclined her head towards the door—one of half a dozen of carved mahogany which the colonel had brought from Europe. For a while there was silence: then a loud outcry, which made the poor mother start.

In another minute, Mr. Ward came out, bleeding from

a great wound on his head, and behind him Harry, with flaring eyes, and brandishing a little *couteau de chasse* of his grandfather, which hung, with others of the colonel's weapons, on the library wall.

'I don't care. I did it,' says Harry. 'I couldn't see this fellow strike my brother; and, as he lifted his hand, I flung the great ruler at him. I couldn't help it. I won't bear it; and, if one lifts a hand to me or my brother, I'll have his life,' shouts Harry, brandishing the hanger.

The widow gave a great gasp and a sigh as she looked at the young champion and his victim. She must have suffered terribly during the few minutes of the boys' absence; and the stripes which she imagined had been inflicted on the elder had smitten her own heart. She longed to take both boys to it. She was not angry now. Very likely she was delighted with the thought of the younger's prowess and generosity. 'You are a very naughty disobedient child,' she said, in an exceedingly peaceable voice. 'My poor Mr. Ward! What a rebel, to strike you! Papa's great ebony ruler was it? Lay down that hanger, child. 'Twas General Webb gave it to my papa after the siege of Lille. Let me bathe your wound, my good Mr. Ward, and thank Heaven it was no worse. Mountain! Go fetch me some court-plaster out of the middle drawer in the japan cabinet. Here comes George. Put on your coat and waistcoat, child! You were going to take your punishment, sir, and that is sufficient. Ask pardon, Harry, of good Mr. Ward, for your wicked rebellious spirit,—I do, with all my heart, I am sure. And guard against your passionate nature, child—and pray to be forgiven. My son, oh, my son!' Here, with a burst of tears which she could no longer control, the little woman threw herself on the neck of her eldest born; whilst Harry, laying the hanger down, went

up very feebly to Mr. Ward, and said, ' Indeed, I ask your pardon, sir. I couldn't help it ; on my honour I couldn't ; nor bear to see my brother struck.'

The widow was scared, as after her embrace she looked up at George's pale face. In reply to her eager caresses, he coldly kissed her on the forehead, and separated from her. ' You meant for the best, mother,' he said, ' and I was in the wrong. But the cup is broken ; and all the king's horses and all the king's men cannot mend it. There—put the fair side outwards on the mantelpiece, and the wound will nōt show.'

Again Madam Esmond looked at the lad as he placed the fragments of the poor cup on the ledge where it had always been used to stand. Her power over him was gone. He had dominated her. She was not sorry for the defeat : for women like not only to conquer, but to be conquered ; and from that day the young gentleman was master at Castlewood. His mother admired him as he went up to Harry, graciously and condescendingly gave Hal his hand, and said, ' Thank you, brother ! ' as if he were a prince, and Harry a general who had helped him in a great battle.

Then George went up to Mr. Ward, who was still piteously bathing his eye and forehead in the water. ' I ask pardon for Hal's violence, sir,' George said, in great state. ' You see, though we are very young, we are gentlemen, and cannot brook an insult from strangers. I should have submitted, as it was mamma's desire ; but I am glad she no longer entertains it.'

' And pray, sir, who is to compensate *me* ? ' says Mr. Ward, ' who is to repair the insult done to *me* ? '

' We are very young,' says George, with another of his old-fashioned bows : ' we shall be fifteen soon. Any compensation that is usual amongst gentlemen——'

‘ This, sir, to a minister of the Word ! ’ bawls out Ward, starting up, and who knew perfectly well the lads’ skill in fence, having a score of times been foiled by the pair of them.

‘ You are not a clergyman yet. We thought you might like to be considered as a gentleman. We did not know.’

‘ A gentleman ! I am a Christian, sir ! ’ says Ward, glaring furiously, and clenching his great fists.

‘ Well, well, if you won’t fight, why don’t you forgive ? ’ says Harry. ‘ If you don’t forgive, why don’t you fight ? That’s what I call the horns of a dilemma ; ’ and he laughed his frank, jolly laugh.

But this was nothing to the laugh a few days afterwards, when, the quarrel having been patched up, along with poor Mr. Ward’s eye, the unlucky tutor was holding forth according to his custom. He tried to preach the boys into respect for him, to reawaken the enthusiasm which the congregation had felt for him ; he wrestled with their manifest indifference, he implored Heaven to warm their cold hearts again, and to lift up those who were falling back. All was in vain. The widow wept no more at his harangues, was no longer excited by his loudest tropes and similes, nor appeared to be much frightened by the very hottest menaces with which he peppered his discourse. Nay, she pleaded headache, and would absent herself of an evening, on which occasion the remainder of the little congregation was very cold indeed. One day then, Ward, still making desperate efforts to get back his despised authority, was preaching on the beauty of subordination, the present lax spirit of the age, and the necessity of obeying our spiritual and temporal rulers. ‘ For why, my dear friends,’ he nobly asked (he was in the habit of asking immensely dull questions, and straightway answering

them with corresponding platitudes), 'why are governors appointed, but that we should be governed? Why are tutors engaged, but that children should be taught?' (here a look at the boys). 'Why are rulers——' Here he paused, looking with a sad, puzzled face at the young gentlemen. He saw in their countenances the double meaning of the unlucky word he had uttered, and stammered, and thumped the table with his fist. 'Why, I say, are rulers——'

'*Rulers*,' says George, looking at Harry.

'Rulers!' says Hal, putting his hand to his eye, where the poor tutor still bore marks of the late scuffle. Rulers, o-ho! It was too much. The boys burst out in an explosion of laughter. Mrs. Mountain, who was full of fun, could not help joining in the chorus; and little Fanny, who had always behaved very demurely and silently at these ceremonies, crowed again, and clapped her little hands at the others laughing, not in the least knowing the reason why.

This could not be borne. Ward shut down the book before him; in a few angry, but eloquent and manly words, said he would speak no more in that place; and left Castlewood not in the least regretted by Madam Esmond, who had doted on him three months before.

POCAHONTAS

WEARIED arm and broken sword
Wage in vain the desperate fight :
Round him press a countless horde,
He is but a single knight.
Hark ! a cry of triumph shrill
Through the wilderness resounds,
As, with twenty bleeding wounds,
Sinks the warrior, fighting still.

Now they heap the fatal pyre,
And the torch of death they light ;
Ah ! 'tis hard to die of fire !
Who will shield the captive knight ?
Round the stake with fiendish cry
Wheel and dance the savage crowd,
Cold the victim's mien, and proud,
And his breast is bared to die.

Who will shield the fearless heart ?
Who avert the murderous blade ?
From the throng, with sudden start,
See there springs an Indian maid.
Quick she stands before the knight :
' Loose the chain, unbind the ring ;
I am daughter of the king,
And I claim the Indian right ! '

Dauntlessly aside she flings
Lifted axe and thirsty knife ;
Fondly to his heart she clings,
And her bosom guards his life !
In the woods of Powhattan,
Still 'tis told by Indian fires,
How a daughter of their sires
Saved the captive Englishman.

FROM 'THE ADVENTURES OF PHILIP'

PHILIP FALLS IN LOVE

'AND, pray, when did you become acquainted with this astounding piece of news?' I inquire.

'When? From the very first moment when I saw Charlotte looking at him, to be sure. The poor child said to me only yesterday, "Oh, Laura! he is our preserver!" And their preserver he has been, under heaven.'

'Yes. But he has not got a five-pound note!' I cry.

'Arthur, I am surprised at you. Oh, men, men are awfully worldly! Do you suppose Heaven will not send him help at its good time, and be kind to him who has rescued so many from ruin? Do you suppose the prayers, the blessings of that father, of those little ones, of that dear child, will not avail him? Suppose he has to wait a year, ten years, have they not time, and will not the good day come?'

Yes. This was actually the talk of a woman of sense and discernment when her prejudices and romance were not in the way, and she looked forward to the marriage of these folks, some ten years hence, as confidently as if they were both rich, and going to St. George's to-morrow.

As for making a romantic story of it, or spinning out love-conversation between Jenny and Jessamy, or describing moonlight raptures and passionate outpourings of two young hearts and so forth—excuse me, *s'il vous plait*. I am a man of the world, and of a certain age. Let the young people fill in this outline, and colour it as they please. Let the old folks who read, lay down the book a minute, and remember. It is well remembered, isn't it, that time? Yes, good John Anderson, and Mrs. John.

Yes, good Darby and Joan. The lips won't tell now what they did once. To-day is for the happy, and to-morrow for the young, and yesterday, is not that dear and here too?

I was in the company of an elderly gentleman, not very long since, who was perfectly sober, who is not particularly handsome, or healthy, or wealthy, or witty; and who, speaking of his past life, volunteered to declare that he would gladly live every minute of it over again. Is a man, who can say that, a hardened sinner, not aware how miserable he ought to be by rights, and therefore really in a most desperate and deplorable condition; or is he *fortunatus nimium*, and ought his statue to be put up in the most splendid and crowded thoroughfare of the town? Would you, who are reading this, for example, like to live *your* life over again? What has been its chief joy? What are to-day's pleasures? Are they so exquisite that you would prolong them for ever? Would you like to have the roast beef on which you have dined brought back again to table, and have more beef, and more, and more? Would you like to hear yesterday's sermon over and over again—eternally voluble? Would you like to get on the Edinburgh mail, and travel outside for fifty hours as you did in your youth? You might as well say you would like to go into the flogging-room, and take a turn under the rods: you would like to be thrashed over again by your bully at school: you would like to go to the dentist's, where your dear parents were in the habit of taking you: you would like to be taking hot Epsom salts, with a piece of dry bread to take away the taste: you would like to be jilted by your first love: you would like to be going in to your father to tell him you had contracted debts to the amount of $x + y + z$, whilst you were at the university. As I consider the passionate griefs of childhood, the

weariness and sameness of shaving, the agony of corns, and the thousand other ills to which flesh is heir, I cheerfully say for one, I am not anxious to wear it for ever. Nò. I do not want to go to school again. I do not want to hear Trotman's sermon over again. Take me out and finish me. Give me the cup of hemlock at once. Here's a health to you, my lads. Don't weep, my Simmias. Be cheerful, my Phaëdon. Ha! I feel the co-o-ld stealing, stealing upwards. Now it is in my ankles—no more gout in my foot: now my knees are numb. What, is—is that poor executioner crying too? Good-bye. Sacrifice a cock to Aescu—to Aescula—. . . Have you ever read the chapter in Grote's *History*? Ah! When the Sacred Ship returns from Delos, and is telegraphed as entering into port, may we be at peace and ready!

What is this funeral chant, when the pipes should be playing gaily, as Love, and Youth, and Spring, and Joy are dancing under the windows? Look you. Men not so wise as Socrates have their demons who will be heard, and whisper in the queerest times and places. Perhaps I shall have to tell of a funeral presently, and shall be outrageously cheerful; or of an execution, and shall split my sides with laughing. Arrived at my time of life, when I see a penniless young friend falling in love and thinking of course of committing matrimony, what can I do but be melancholy? How is a man to marry who has not enough to keep ever so miniature a brougham—ever so small a house—not enough to keep himself, let alone a wife and family? Gracious powers! is it not blasphemy to marry without fifteen hundred a year? Poverty, debt, protested bills, duns, crime, fall assuredly on the wretch who has not fifteen—say at once two thousand a year; for you can't live decently in London for less. And a wife whom you have met a score of times at balls or breakfasts, and with

her best dresses and behaviour at a country house ;—how do you know how she will turn out ; what her temper is ; what her relations are likely to be ? Suppose she has poor relations, or loud coarse brothers who are always dropping in to dinner ? What is her mother like ; and can you bear to have that woman meddling and domineering over your establishment ? Old General Baynes was very well ; a weak, quiet, and presentable old man : but Mrs. General Baynes, and that awful Mrs. Major MacWhirter,—and those hobbledehoyes of boys in creaking shoes, hectoring about the premises ? * As a man of the world I saw all these dreadful liabilities impending over the husband of Miss Charlotte Baynes, and could not view them without horror. Gracefully and slightly, but wittily and in my sarcastic way, I thought it my duty to show up the oddities of the Baynes family to Philip. I mimicked the boys, and their clumping blucher-boots. I touched off the dreadful military ladies, very smartly and cleverly as I thought, and as if I never supposed that Philip had any idea of Miss Baynes. To do him justice, he laughed once or twice ; then he grew very red. His sense of humour is very limited ; that even Laura allows. Then he came out with strong expressions, and said it was a confounded shame, and strode off with his cigar. And when I remarked to my wife how susceptible he was in some things, and how little in the matter of joking, she shrugged her shoulders and said, ‘ Philip not only understood perfectly well what I said, but would tell it all to Mrs. General and Mrs. Major on the first opportunity.’ And this was the fact, as Mrs. Baynes took care to tell me *afterwards*. She was aware who was her *enemy*. She was aware who spoke ill of her, and her blessed darling *behind our backs*. And ‘ do you think it was to see *you* or any one belonging to your *stuck-up house*, sir, that we came to you so often, which we certainly

did, day and night, breakfast and supper, and no thanks to you? No, sir! ha, ha!’ I can see her flaunting out of my sitting-room as she speaks, with a strident laugh, and snapping her dingily-gloved fingers at the door. O Philip, Philip! To think that you were such a coward as to go and tell her! But I pardon him. From my heart I pity and pardon him.

For the step which he is meditating, you may be sure that the young man himself does not feel the smallest need of pardon or pity. He is in a state of happiness so crazy that it is useless to reason with him. Not being at all of a poetical turn originally, the wretch is actually perpetrating verse in secret, and my servants found fragments of his manuscript on the dressing-table in his bedroom. *Heart and art, sever and for ever*, and so on; what stale rhymes are these? I do not feel at liberty to give in entire the poem which our maid found in Mr. Philip’s room, and brought sniggering to my wife, who only said, ‘Poor thing!’ The fact is, it was too pitiable. Such maundering rubbish! Such stale rhymes, and such old thoughts! But then, says Laura, ‘I dare say all people’s love-making is not amusing to their neighbours; and I know who wrote not very wise love-verses when he was young.’ No, I won’t publish Philip’s verses, until some day he shall mortally offend me. I can recall some of my own written under similar circumstances with twinges of shame; and shall drop a veil of decent friendship over my friend’s folly.

Under that veil, meanwhile, the young man is perfectly contented, nay, uproariously happy. All earth and nature smile round about him. ‘When Jove meets his Juno, in Homer, sir,’ says Philip, in his hectoring way, ‘don’t immortal flowers of beauty spring up around them, and rainbows of celestial hues bend over their heads? Love, sir, flings a halo round the loved one. Where she moves,

rise roses, hyacinths, and ambrosial odours. Don't talk to me about poverty, sir ! He either fears his fate too much or his desert is small, who dares not put it to the touch and win or lose it all ! Haven't I endured poverty ? Am I not as poor now as a man can be—and what is there in it ? Do I want for anything ? Haven't I got a guinea in my pocket ? Do I owe any man anything ? Isn't there manna in the wilderness for those who have faith to walk in it ? That's where you fail, Pen. By all that is sacred, you have no faith ; your heart is cowardly, sir ; and if you are to escape, as perhaps you may, I suspect it is by your wife that you will be saved. Laura has a trust in Heaven, but Arthur's morals are a genteel atheism. Just reach me that claret—the wine's not bad. I say your morals are a genteel atheism, and I shudder when I think of your condition. Talk to *me* about a brougham being necessary for the comfort of a woman ! A broomstick to ride to the moon ! And I don't say that a brougham is not a comfort, mind you ; but that, when it is a necessity, mark you, Heaven will provide it ! Why, sir, hang it, look at me ! Ain't I suffering in the most abject poverty ? I ask you is there a man in London so poor as I am ? And since my father's ruin do I want for anything ? I want for shelter for a day or two. Good. There's my dear Little Sister ready to give it to me. I want for money. Does not that sainted widow's cruse pour its oil out for me ? Heaven bless and reward her. Boo ! ' (Here, for reasons which need not be named, the orator squeezes his fists into his eyes.) ' I want shelter ; ain't I in good quarters ? I want work ; haven't I got work, and did you not get it for me ? You should just see, sir, how I polished off that book of travels this morning. I read some of the article to Char——, to Miss ——, to some friends, in fact. I don't mean to say that they are very intellectual people, but your

common humdrum average audience is the public to try. Recollect Molière and his housekeeper, you know.'

'By the housekeeper, do you mean Mrs. Baynes?' I ask, in my *amontillado* manner. (By the way, who ever heard of *amontillado* in the early days of which I write?) 'In manner she would do, and I dare say in accomplishments; but I doubt about her temper.'

'You're almost as worldly as the Twysdens, by George, you are! Unless persons are of a certain *monde*, you don't value them. A little adversity would do you good, Pen; and I heartily wish you might get it, except for the dear wife and children. You measure your morality by May Fair standards; and if an angel unawares came to you in pattens and a cotton umbrella, you would turn away from her. *You* would never have found out the Little Sister. A duchess—God bless her! A creature of an imperial generosity, and delicacy, and intrepidity, and the finest sense of humour, but she drops her *h*'s often, and how could you pardon such a crime? Sir, you are my better in wit and a dexterous application of your powers; but I think, sir,' says Phil, curling the flaming moustache, 'I am your superior in a certain magnanimity; though, by Jove! old fellow, man and boy, you have always been one of the best fellows in the world to P. F.; one of the best fellows, and the most generous, and the most cordial—that you have; only you *do* rile me when you sing in that confounded May Fair twang.'

Here one of the children summoned us to tea—and 'Papa was laughing, and Uncle Philip was flinging his hands about and pulling his beard off,' said the little messenger.

'I shall keep a fine lock of it for you, Nelly, my dear,' says Uncle Philip. On which the child said, 'Oh, no! I know to whom you'll give it, don't I, mamma?' and she goes up to her mamma, and whispers.

Miss Nelly knows ? At what age do those little match-makers begin to know, and how soon do they practise the use of their young eyes, their little smiles, wiles, and ogles ? This young woman, I believe, coquetted whilst she was yet a baby in arms, over her nurse's shoulder. Before she could speak, she could be proud of her new vermilion shoes, and would point out the charms of her blue sash. She was jealous in the nursery, and her little heart had beat for years and years before she left off pinafores.

For whom will Philip keep a lock of that red, red gold which curls round his face ? Can you guess ? Of what colour is the hair in that little locket which the gentleman himself occultly wears ? A few months ago, I believe, a pale, straw-coloured wisp of hair occupied that place of honour ; now it is a chestnut-brown, as far as I can see, of precisely the same colour as that which waves round Charlotte Baynes's pretty face, and tumbles in clusters on her neck, very nearly the colour of Mrs. Paynter's this last season. So, you see, we chop and we change : straw gives place to chestnut, and chestnut is succeeded by ebony ; and, for our own parts, we defy time ; and if you want a lock of my hair, Belinda, take this pair of scissors, and look in that cupboard, in the bandbox marked No. 3, and cut off a thick glossy piece, darling, and wear it, dear, and my blessings go with thee ! What is this ? Am I sneering because Corydon and Phyllis are wooing and happy ? You see I pledged myself not to have any sentimental nonsense. To describe love-making is immoral and immodest ; you know it is. To describe it as it really is, or would appear to you and me as lookers-on, would be to describe the most dreary farce, to chronicle the most tautological twaddle. To take a note of sighs, hand-squeezes, looks at the moon, and so forth—does this business become our dignity as historians ? Come away

from those foolish young people—they don't want us; and dreary as their farce is, and tautological as their twaddle, you may be sure it amuses them, and that they are happy enough without us. Happy? Is there any happiness like it, pray? Was it not rapture to watch the messenger, to seize the note, and fee the bearer?—to retire out of sight of all prying eyes and read:—'Dearest! Mamma's cold is better this morning. The Joneses came to tea, and Julia sang. I did not enjoy it, as my dear was at his *horrid dinner*, where I hope he amused himself. Send me a word by Buttles, who brings this, if only to say you are your Louisa's own, own,' &c., &c., &c. That used to be the kind of thing. In such coy lines artless Innocence used to whisper its little vows. So she used to smile; so she used to warble; so she used to prattle. Young people, at present engaged in the pretty sport, be assured your middle-aged parents have played the game, and remember the rules of it. Yes, under papa's bow-window of a waistcoat is a heart which took very violent exercise when that waist was slim. Now he sits tranquilly in his tent, and watches the lads going in for their innings. Why, look at grandmamma in her spectacles reading that sermon. In *her* old heart there is a corner as romantic still as when she used to read the *Wild Irish Girl* or the *Scottish Chiefs* in the days of her misshood. And as for your grandfather, my dears, to see him now you would little suppose that that calm, polished, dear old gentleman was once as wild—as wild as Orson. . . . Under my windows, as I write, there passes an itinerant flower-merchant. He has his roses and geraniums on a cart drawn by a quadruped—a little, long-eared quadruped, which lifts up its voice, and sings after its manner. When I was young, donkeys used to bray precisely in the same way; and others will heehaw so, when we are silent and our ears hear no more.

PHILIP GOES TO THE BALL

AND now the Queen's birthday arrived—and that it may arrive for many scores of years yet to come is, I am sure, the prayer of all of us—and with the birthday his excellency Lord Estridge's grand annual fête in honour of his sovereign. A card for the ball was left at Madame Smolensk's, for General, Mrs. and Miss Baynes; and no doubt Monsieur Slyboots Walsingham Hely was the artful agent by whom the invitation was forwarded. Once more the general's veteran uniform came out from the tin-box, with its dingy epaulets and little cross and ribbon. His wife urged on him strongly the necessity of having a new wig, wigs being very cheap and good at Paris—but Baynes said a new wig would make his old coat look very shabby; and a new uniform would cost more money than he would like to afford. So shabby he went *de cap à pied*, with a moulting feather, a threadbare suit, a tarnished wig, and a worn-out lace, *sibi constans*. Boots, trousers, sash, coat, were all old and worse for wear, and 'faith,' says he, 'my face follows suit.' A brave, silent man was Baynes; with a twinkle of humour in his lean, wrinkled face.

And if General Baynes was shabbily attired at the Embassy ball, I think I know a friend of mine who was shabby too. In the days of his prosperity, Mr. Philip was *parcus cultor et infrequens* of balls, routs, and ladies' company. Perhaps because his father was angered at Philip's neglect of his social advantages and indifference as to success in the world, Philip was the more neglectful and indifferent. The elder's comedy-smiles, and solemn hypocritical politeness, caused scorn and revolt on the part of the younger man. Philip despised the humbug, and the world to which such humbug could be welcome. He kept aloof from tea-

parties then : his evening-dress clothes served him for a long time. I cannot say how old his dress-coat was at the time of which we are writing. But he had been in the habit of respecting that garment and considering it new and handsome for many years past. Meanwhile the coat had shrunk, or its wearer had grown stouter ; and his grand embroidered, embossed, illuminated, carved and gilt velvet dress waistcoat, too, had narrowed, had become absurdly tight and short, and I dare say was the laughing-stock of many of Philip's acquaintances, whilst he himself, poor simple fellow, was fancying that it was a most splendid article of apparel. You know in the Palais Royal they hang out the most splendid reach-me-down dressing-gowns, waistcoats, and so forth. 'No,' thought Philip, coming out of his cheap dining-house, and swaggering along the arcades, and looking at the tailors' shops, with his hands in his pockets. 'My brown velvet dress waistcoat with the gold sprigs, which I had made at college, is a much more tasty thing than these gaudy ready-made articles. And my coat is old certainly, but the brass buttons are still very bright and handsome, and, in fact, it is a most becoming and gentlemanlike thing.' And under this delusion the honest fellow dressed himself in his old clothes, lighted a pair of candles, and looked at himself with satisfaction in the looking-glass, drew on a pair of cheap gloves which he had bought, walked by the Quays, and over the Deputies' Bridge, across the Place Louis XV, and strutted up the Faubourg St. Honoré to the Hôtel of the British Embassy. A half-mile *queue* of carriages was formed along the street, and of course the entrance to the hôtel was magnificently illuminated.

A plague on those cheap gloves ! Why had not Philip paid three francs for a pair of gloves, instead of twenty-nine sous ? Mrs. Baynes had found a capital cheap glove shop,

whither poor Phil had gone in the simplicity of his heart ; and now as he went in under the grand illuminated *porte-cochere*, Philip saw that the gloves had given way at the thumbs, and that his hands appeared through the rents, as red as raw beefsteaks. It is wonderful how red hands will look through holes in white gloves. ' And there 's that hole in my boot, too,' thought Phil ; but he had put a little ink over the seam, and so the rent was imperceptible. The coat and waistcoat were tight, and of a past age. Never mind. The chest was broad, the arms were muscular and long, and Phil's face, in the midst of a halo of fair hair and flaming whiskers, looked brave, honest, and handsome. For a while his eyes wandered fiercely and restlessly all about the room from group to group ; but now—ah ! now—they were settled. They had met another pair of eyes, which lighted up with glad welcome when they beheld him. Two young cheeks mantled with a sweet blush. These were Charlotte's cheeks : and hard by them were mamma's, of a very different colour. But Mrs. General Baynes had a knowing turban on, and a set of garnets round her old neck, like gooseberries set in gold.

They admired the rooms : they heard the names of the great folks who arrived, and beheld many famous personages. They made their curtsies to the ambassadress. Confusion ! With a great rip, the thumb of one of those cheap gloves of Philip's parts company from the rest of the glove, and he is obliged to wear it crumpled up in his hand : a dreadful mishap—for he is going to dance with Charlotte, and he will have to give his hand to the *vis-à-vis*.

Who comes up smiling, with a low neck, with waving curls and whiskers, pretty little hands exquisitely gloved, and tiny feet ? 'Tis Hely Walsingham, lightest in the dance. Most affably does Mrs. General Baynes greet the young fellow. Very brightly and happily do Charlotte's

eyes glance towards her favourite partner. It is certain that poor Phil can't hope at all to dance like Hely. 'And see what nice neat feet and hands he has got,' says Mrs. Baynes. 'Comme il est bien ganté ! A gentleman ought to be always well-gloved.'

'Why did you send me to the twenty-nine-sous-shop ?' says poor Phil, looking at his tattered hand-shoes, and red obtrusive thumb.

'Oh, you !'—(here Mrs. Baynes shrugs her yellow old shoulders.) '*Your* hands would burst through any gloves ! How do you do, Mr. Hely ! Is your mamma here ? Of course she is ! What a delightful party she gave us ! The dear ambassadress looks quite unwell—most pleasing manners, I am sure ; Lord Estridge, what a perfect gentleman !' .

The Bayneses were just come. For what dance was Miss Baynes disengaged ? 'As many as ever you like !' cries Charlotte, who, in fact, called Hely her little dancing-master, and never thought of him except as a partner. 'Oh, too much happiness ! Oh, that this could last for ever !' sighed Hely, after a waltz, polka, mazurka, I know not what, and fixing on Charlotte the full blaze of his beauteous blue eyes. 'For ever ?' cries Charlotte, laughing. 'I'm very fond of dancing, indeed ; and you dance beautifully ; but I don't know that I should like to dance for ever.' Ere the words are over, he is whirling her round the room again. His little feet fly with surprising agility. His hair floats behind him. He scatters odours as he spins. The handkerchief with which he fans his pale brow is like a cloudy film of muslin—and poor old Philip sees with terror that *his* pocket-handkerchief has got three great holes in it. His nose and one eye appeared through one of the holes while Phil was wiping his forehead. It was very hot. He was very hot. He was hotter,

though standing still, than young Hely who was dancing. 'He! he! I compliment you on your gloves, and your handkerchief, I'm s' re,' sniggers Mrs. Baynes, with a toss of her turban. Ha it not been said that a bull is a strong, courageous, and noble animal, but that a bull in a china-shop is not in his place? 'There you go. Thank you! I wish you'd go somewhere else,' cries Mrs. Baynes in a fury. Poor Philip's foot has just gone through her flounce. How red he is! how much hotter than ever! There go Hely and Charlotte, whirling round like two opera-dancers! Philip grinds his teeth, he buttons his coat across his chest. How very tight it feels! How savagely his eyes glare! Do young men still look savage and solemn at balls? An ingenuous young Englishman ought to do that duty of dancing, of course. Society calls upon him. But I doubt whether he ought to look cheerful during the performance, or flippantly engage in so grave a matter.

As Charlotte's sweet round face beamed smiles upon Philip over Hely's shoulders, it looked so happy that he never thought of grudging her her pleasure: and happy he might have remained in this contemplation, regarding not the circle of dancers who were galloping and whirling on at their usual swift rate, but her, who was the centre of all joy and pleasure for him;—when suddenly a shrill voice was heard behind him, crying, 'Get out of the way, hang you!' and suddenly there bounced against him Ringwood Twysden, pulling Miss Flora Trotter round the room, one of the most powerful and intrepid dancers of that season at Paris. They hurtled past Philip; they shot him forward against a pillar. He heard a screech, an oath, and another loud laugh from Twysden, and beheld the scowls of Miss Trotter as that rapid creature bumped at length into a place of safety.

I told you about Philip's coat. It was very tight. The daylight had long been struggling to make an entry at the seams. As he staggered up against the wall, crack! went a great hole at his back; and crack! one of his gold buttons came off, leaving a rent in his chest. It was in those days when gold buttons still lingered on the breasts of some brave men, and we have said simple Philip still thought his coat a fine one.

There was not only a rent of the seam, there was not only a burst button, but there was also a rip in Philip's rich cut-velvet waistcoat, with the gold sprigs, which he thought so handsome—a great, heartrending scar. What was to be done? Retreat was necessary. He told Miss Charlotte of the hurt he had received, whose face wore a very comical look of pity at his misadventure—he covered part of his wound with his gibus hat—and he thought he would try and make his way out by the garden of the hotel, which, of course, was illuminated, and bright, and crowded, but not so very bright and crowded as the saloons, galleries, supper-rooms, and halls of gilded light in which the company, for the most part, assembled.

So our poor wounded friend wandered into the garden, over which the moon was shining with the most blank indifference at the fiddling, feasting, and parti-coloured lamps. He says that his mind was soothed by the aspect of yonder placid moon and twinkling stars, and that he had altogether forgotten his trumpery little accident and torn coat and waistcoat: but I doubt about the entire truth of this statement, for there have been some occasions when he, Mr. Philip, has mentioned the subject, and owned that he was mortified and in a rage.

Well. He went into the garden: and was calming himself by contemplating the stars, when, just by that fountain where there is Pradier's little statue of—Moses in the Bul-

rushes, let us say—round which there was a beautiful row of illuminated lamps, lighting up a great coronal of flowers, which my dear readers are at liberty to select and arrange according to their own exquisite taste ;—near this little fountain he found three gentlemen talking together.

The high voice of one Philip could hear, and knew from old days. Ringwood Twysden, Esquire, always liked to talk and excite himself with other persons' liquor. He had been drinking the sovereign's health with great assiduity, I suppose, and was exceedingly loud and happy. With Ringwood was Mr. Woolcomb, whose countenance the lamps lit up in a fine lurid manner, and whose eyeballs gleamed in the twilight : and the third of the group was our young friend Mr. Lowndes.

'I owed him one, you see, Lowndes,' said Mr. Ringwood Twysden. 'I hate the fellow ! Hang him, always did ! I saw the great hulkin brute standin there. Couldn't help myself. Give you my honour, couldn't help myself. I just drove Miss Trotter at him—sent her elbow well into him, and spun him up against the wall. The buttons cracked off the beggar's coat, begad ! What business had he there, hang him ? Gad, sir, he made a cannon off an old woman in blue, and went into——'

Here Mr. Ringwood's speech came to an end : for his cousin stood before him, grim and biting his mustachios.

'Hullo !' piped the other. 'Who wants you to overhear my conversation ? Dammy, I say ! I——'

Philip put out that hand with the torn glove. The glove was in a dreadful state of disruption now. He worked the hand well into his kinsman's neck, and twisting Ringwood round into a proper position, brought that poor old broken boot so to bear upon the proper quarter, that Ringwood was discharged into the little font, and lighted amidst the flowers, and the water, and the oil-lamps, and made

a dreadful mess and splutter amongst them. And as for Philip's coat, it was torn worse than ever.

I don't know how many of the brass buttons had revolted and parted company from the poor old cloth, which cracked, and split, and tore under the agitation of that beating, angry bosom. I blush as I think of Mr. Firmin in this ragged state, a great rent all across his back, and his prostrate enemy lying howling in the water, amidst the sputtering, crashing oil-lamps at his feet. When Cinderella quitted her first ball, just after the clock struck twelve, we all know how shabby she looked. Philip was a still more disreputable object when he slunk away. I don't know by what side door Mr. Lowndes eliminated him. He also benevolently took charge of Philip's kinsman and antagonist, Mr. Ringwood Twysden. Mr. Twysden's hands, coat-tails, &c., were very much singed and scalded by the oil, and cut by the broken glass, which was all extracted at the Beaujon Hospital, but not without much suffering on the part of the patient. But though young Lowndes spoke up for Philip, in describing the scene (I fear not without laughter), his Excellency caused Mr. Firmin's name to be erased from his party lists : and I am sure no sensible man will defend Philip's conduct for a moment.

RICH RELATIONS

ERE many days were over the great yellow chariot and its powdered attendants again made their appearance before Mrs. Brandon's modest door in Thornhaugh Street, and Lady Ringwood and two daughters descended from the carriage and made their way to Mr. Philip's apartments in the second floor, just as that worthy gentleman was sitting down to dinner with his wife. Lady Ringwood,

bent upon being gracious, was in ecstasies with everything she saw—a clean house—a nice little maid—pretty picturesque rooms—odd rooms—and what charming pictures! Several of these were the work of the fond pencil of poor J. J., who, as has been told, had painted Philip's beard and Charlotte's eyebrow, and Charlotte's baby a thousand and a thousand times. 'May we come in? Are we disturbing you? What dear little bits of china! What a beautiful mug, Mr. Firmin!' This was poor J. J.'s present to his god-daughter. 'How nice the luncheon looks! Dinner is it? How pleasant to dine at this hour!' The ladies were determined to be charmed with everything round about them.

'We are dining on your poultry. May we offer some to you and Miss Ringwood,' says the master of the house.

'Why don't you dine in the dining-room? Why do you dine in a bedroom?' asks Franklin Ringwood, the interesting young son of the Baron of Ringwood.

'Somebody else lives in the parlour,' says Mrs. Philip. On which the boy remarks, 'We have two dining-rooms in Berkeley Square. I mean for us, besides papa's study, which I mustn't go into. And the servants have two dining-rooms and——'

'Hush!' here cries mamma, with the usual remark regarding the beauty of silence in little boys.

But Franklin persists, in spite of the 'Hushes': 'And so we have at Ringwood; and at Whipham there's ever so many dining-rooms—ever so many—and I like Whipham a great deal better than Ringwood, because my pony is at Whipham. *You* have not got a pony. You are too poor.'

'Franklin!'

'You said he was too poor; and you would not have had chickens if we had not given them to you. Mamma, you know you said they were very poor, and would like them.'

And here mamma looked red, and I dare say Philip's cheeks and ears tingled, and for once Mrs. Philip was thankful at hearing her baby cry, for it gave her a pretext for leaving the room and flying to the nursery, whither the other two ladies accompanied her.

Meanwhile Master Franklin went on with his artless conversation. 'Mr. Philip, why do they say you are wicked? You do not look wicked; and I am sure Mrs. Philip does not look wicked—she looks very good.'

'Who says I am wicked?' asks Mr. Firmin of his candid young relative.

'Oh, ever so many! Cousin Ringwood says so; and Blanche says so; and Woolcomb says so; only I don't like him, he's so very brown. And when they heard you had been to dinner, "Has that beast been here?" Ringwood says. And I don't like him a bit. But I like you, at least I think I do. You only have oranges for dessert. We always have lots of things for dessert at home. You don't, I suppose, because you've got no money—only a very little.'

'Well: I have got only a very little,' says Philip.

'I have some—ever so much. And I'll buy something for your wife; and I shall like to have you better at home than Blanche, and Ringwood, and that Woolcomb; and they never give me anything. You can't, you know; because you are so very poor—you are; but we'll often send you things, I dare say. And I'll have an orange, please, thank you. And there's a chap at our school, and his name is Suckling, and he ate eighteen oranges. and wouldn't give one away to anybody. Wasn't he a greedy pig? And I have wine with my oranges—I do: a glass of wine—thank you. That's jolly. But you don't have it often, I suppose, because you're so very poor.'

I am glad Philip's infant could not understand, being

yet of too tender age, the compliments which Lady Ringwood and her daughter passed upon her. As it was, the compliments charmed the mother, for whom indeed they were intended, and did not inflame the unconscious baby's vanity.

What would the polite mamma and sister have said, if they had heard that unlucky Franklin's prattle? The boy's simplicity amused his tall cousin. 'Yes,' says Philip, 'we are very poor, but we are very happy; and don't mind—that's the truth.'

'Mademoiselle, that's the German governess, said she wondered how you could live at all; and I don't think you could if you ate as much as she did. You should see her eat; she is such a *oner* at eating. Fred, my brother, that's the one who is at college, one day tried to see how much Mademoiselle Wallfisch could eat, and she had twice of soup, and then she said *sivoplay*; and then twice of fish, and she said *sivoplay* for more: and then she had roast mutton—no, I think roast beef it was; and she eats the peas with her knife: and then she had raspberry jam pudding, and ever so much beer, and then——' But what came then we never shall know; because while young Franklin was choking with laughter (accompanied with a large piece of orange) at the ridiculous recollection of Miss Wallfisch's appetite, his mamma and sister came downstairs from Charlotte's nursery, and brought the dear boy's conversation to an end. The ladies chose to go home, delighted with Philip, baby, Charlotte. Everything was so proper. Everything was so nice. Mrs. Firmin was so ladylike. The fine ladies watched her, and her behaviour, with that curiosity which the Brobdingnag ladies displayed when they held up little Gulliver on their palms, and saw him bow, smile, dance, draw his sword, and take off his hat, just like a man.

AD MINISTRAM

(AFTER HORACE)

DEAR Lucy, you know what my wish is,—

• I hate all your Frenchified fuss :

Your silly entrées and made dishes

Were never intended for us.

No footman in lace and in ruffles

Need dangle behind my arm-chair ;

And never mind seeking for truffles,

Although they be ever so rare.

But a plain leg of mutton, my Lucy,

I prithee get ready at three :

Have it smoking, and tender and juicy,

And what better meat can there be ?

And when it has feasted the master,

'Twill amply suffice for the maid ;

Meanwhile I will smoke my canaster,

And tipple my ale in the shade.

FROM 'ROUNABOUT PAPERS'

ON A LAZY IDLE BOY

I HAVE seldom seen a place more quaint, pretty, calm, and pastoral, than this remote little Chur. What need have the inhabitants for walls and ramparts, except to build summer-houses, to trail vines, and hang clothes to dry? No enemies approach the great mouldering gates: only at morn and even, the cows come lowing past them, the village maidens chatter merrily round the fountains, and babble like the ever-voluble stream that flows under the old walls. The schoolboys, with book and satchel, in smart uniforms, march up to the gymnasium, and return thence at their stated time. There is one coffee-house in the town, and I see one old gentleman goes to it. There are shops with no customers seemingly, and the lazy tradesmen look out of their little windows at the single stranger sauntering by. There is a stall with baskets of queer little black grapes and apples, and a pretty brisk trade with half a dozen urchins standing round. But, beyond this, there is scarce any talk or movement in the street. There's nobody at the book-shop. 'If you will have the goodness to come again in an hour,' says the banker, with his mouth full of dinner at one o'clock, 'you can have the money.' There is nobody at the hotel, save the good landlady, the kind waiters, the brisk young cook who ministers to you. Nobody is in the Protestant church—(oh! strange sight, the two confessions are here at peace!)—nobody in the Catholic church: until the sacristan, from his snug abode in the cathedral close, spies the traveller eyeing the monsters and pillars before the old

shark-toothed arch of his cathedral, and comes out (with a view to remuneration possibly) and opens the gate, and shows you the venerable church, and the queer old relics in the sacristy, and the ancient vestments (a black velvet cope, amongst other robes, as fresh as yesterday, and presented by that notorious 'pervert', Henry of Navarre and France), and the statue of Saint Lucius, who built St. Peter's Church, opposite No. 65, Cornhill.

What a quiet, kind, quaint, pleasant, pretty old town! Has it been asleep these hundreds and hundreds of years, and is the brisk young Prince of the Sidereal Realms in his screaming car drawn by his snorting steel elephant coming to waken it? Time was when there must have been life and bustle and commerce here. Those vast, venerable walls were not made to keep out cows, but men-at-arms led by fierce captains, who prowled about the gates, and robbed the traders as they passed in and out with their bales, their goods, their pack-horses, and their wains. Is the place so dead that even the clergy of the different denominations can't quarrel? Why, seven or eight, or a dozen, or fifteen hundred years ago (they haven't the register, over the way, up to that remote period. I dare say it was burnt in the fire of London)—a dozen hundred years ago, when there was some life in the town, Saint Lucius was stoned here on account of theological differences, after founding our church in Cornhill.

There was a sweet pretty river walk we used to take in the evening, and mark the mountains round glooming with a deeper purple; the shades creeping up the golden walls; the river brawling, the cattle calling, the maids and chatterboxes round the fountains babbling and bawling; and several times in the course of our sober walks, we overtook a lazy slouching boy, or hobbledehov, with

a rusty coat, and trousers not too long, and big feet trailing lazily one after the other, and large lazy hands dawdling from out the tight sleeves, and in the lazy hands a little book, which my lad held up to his face, and which I dare say so charmed and ravished him, that he was blind to the beautiful sights around him ; unmindful, I would venture to lay any wager, of the lessons he had to learn for to-morrow ; forgetful of mother waiting supper, and father preparing a scolding ;—absorbed utterly and entirely in his book.

What was it that so fascinated the young student, as he stood by the river shore ? Not the *Pons Asinorum*. What book so delighted him, and blinded him to all the rest of the world, so that he did not care to see the apple-woman with her fruit, or (more tempting still to sons of Eve) the pretty girls with their apple cheeks, who laughed and prattled round the fountain ? What was the book ? Do you suppose it was Livy, or the Greek grammar ? No ; it was a NOVEL that you were reading, you lazy, not very clean, good-for-nothing, sensible boy ! It was D'Artagnan locking up General Monk in a box, or almost succeeding in keeping Charles the First's head on. It was the prisoner of the Château d'If cutting himself out of the sack fifty feet under water (I mention the novels I like best myself—novels without love or talking, or any of that sort of nonsense, but containing plenty of fighting, escaping, robbery, and rescuing)—cutting himself out of the sack, and swimming to the Island of Monte Cristo, O Dumas ! O thou brave, kind, gallant old Alexandre ! I hereby offer thee homage, and give thee thanks for many pleasant hours. I have read thee (being sick in bed) for thirteen hours of a happy day, and had the ladies of the house fighting for the volumes. Be assured that lazy boy was reading Dumas (or I will go so far as to let the reader here pro-

nounce the eulogium, or insert the name of his favourite author); and as for the anger, or, it may be, the reverberations of his schoolmaster, or the remonstrances of his father, or the tender pleadings of his mother that he should not let the supper grow cold—I don't believe the scapegrace cared one fig. No! Figs are sweet, but fictions are sweeter.

Have you ever seen a score of white-bearded, white-robed warriors, or grave seniors of the city, seated at the gate of Jaffa or Beyrout, and listening to the story-teller reciting his marvels out of *Antar* or the *Arabian Nights*? I was once present when a young gentleman at table put a tart away from him, and said to his neighbour, the Younger Son (with rather a fatuous air), 'I never eat sweets.'

'Not eat sweets! and do you know why?' says T.

'Because I am past that kind of thing,' says the young gentleman.

'Because you are a glutton and a sot!' cries the elder (and Juvenis winces a little). 'All people who have natural, healthy appetites, love sweets; all children, all women, all Eastern people, whose tastes are not corrupted by gluttony and strong drink.' And a plateful of raspberries and cream disappeared before the philosopher.

You take the allegory? Novels are sweets. All people with healthy literary appetites love them—almost all women;—a vast number of clever, hard-headed men. Why, one of the most learned physicians in England said to me only yesterday, 'I have just read *So-and-So* for the second time' (naming one of Jones's exquisite fictions). Judges, bishops, chancellors, mathematicians are notorious novel-readers; as well as young boys and sweet girls, and their kind, tender mothers. Who has not read about Eldon, and how he cried over novels every night when he was not at whist?

As for that lazy naughty boy at Chur, I doubt whether *he* will like novels when he is thirty years of age. He is taking too great a glut of them now. He is eating jelly until he will be sick. He will know most plots by the time he is twenty, so that *he* will never be surprised when the Stranger turns out to be the rightful earl,—when the old waterman, throwing off his beggarly gabardine, shows his stars and the collars of his various orders, and clasping Antonia to his bosom, proves himself to be the prince, *her* long-lost father. He will recognize the novelists' same characters, though they appear in red-heeled pumps and *ailles-de-pigeon*, or the garb of the nineteenth century. He will get weary of sweets, as boys of private schools grow (or used to grow, for I have done growing some little time myself, and the practice may have ended too)—as private schoolboys used to grow tired of the pudding before their mutton at dinner.

ROUND ABOUT THE CHRISTMAS TREE

Bob's behaviour on New Year's day, I can assure Dr. Holyshade, was highly creditable to the boy. He had expressed a determination to partake of every dish which was put on the table; but after soup, fish, roast-beef, and roast-*goose*, he retired from active business until the pudding and mince-pies made their appearance, of which he partook liberally, but not too freely. And he greatly advanced in my good opinion by praising the punch, which was of my own manufacture, and which some gentlemen present (Mr. O'M—g-n, amongst others) pronounced to be too weak. Too weak! A bottle of rum, a bottle of Madeira, half a bottle of brandy, and two bottles and a half of water—*can* this mixture be said to be too weak

for any mortal? Our young friend amused the company during the evening, by exhibiting a two-shilling magic-lantern, which he had purchased, and likewise by singing 'Sally, come up!' a quaint, but rather monotonous melody, which I am told is sung by the poor negro on the banks of the broad Mississipp.

What other enjoyments did we proffer for the child's amusement during the Christmas week? A great philosopher was giving a lecture to young folks at the British Institution. But when this diversion was proposed to our young friend Bob, he said, 'Lecture? No, thank you. Not as I know on,' and made sarcastic signals on his nose. Perhaps he is of Dr. Johnson's opinion about lectures: 'Lectures, sir! what man would go to hear that imperfectly at a lecture, which he can read at leisure in a book?' *I* never went, of my own choice, to a lecture; that I can vow. As for sermons, they are different; I delight in them, and they cannot, of course, be too long.

Well, we partook of yet other Christmas delights besides pantomime, pudding, and pie. One glorious, one delightful, one most unlucky and pleasant day, we drove in a brougham, with a famous horse, which carried us more quickly and briskly than any of your vulgar railways, over Battersea Bridge, on which the horse's hoofs rung as if it had been iron; through suburban villages, plum-caked with snow; under a leaden sky, in which the sun hung like a red-hot warming-pan; by pond after pond, where not only men and boys, but scores after scores of women and girls, were sliding, and roaring, and clapping their lean old sides with laughter, as they tumbled down, and their hobnailed shoes flew up in the air; the air frosty with a lilac haze, through which villas, and commons, and churches, and plantations glimmered. We drive up the hill, Bob and I; we make the last two miles in eleven

minutes ; we pass that poor, armless man, who sits there in the cold, following you with his eyes. I don't give anything, and Bob looks disappointed. We are set down neatly at the gate, and a horse-holder opens the brougham door. I don't give anything ; again disappointment on Bob's part. I pay a shilling apiece, and we enter into the glorious building, which is decorated for Christmas, and straightway forgetfulness on Bob's part of everything but that magnificent scene. The enormous edifice is all decorated for Bob and Christmas. The stalls, the columns, the fountains, courts, statues, splendours, are all crowned for Christmas. The delicious negro is singing his Alabama choruses for Christmas and Bob. He has scarcely done, when, Tootarootatoo ! Mr. Punch is performing his surprising actions, and hanging the beadle. The stalls are decorated. The refreshment tables are piled with good things ; at many fountains 'MULLED CLARET' is written up in appetizing capitals. 'Mulled claret—oh, jolly ! How cold it is !' says Bob ; I pass on. 'It's only three o'clock,' says Bob. 'No, only three,' I say, meekly. 'We dine at seven,' sighs Bob, 'and it's so-o-o coo-old.' I still would take no hints. No claret, no refreshment, no sandwiches, no sausage-rolls for Bob. At last I am obliged to tell him all. Just before we left home, a little Christmas bill popped in at the door and emptied my purse at the threshold. I forgot all about the transaction, and had to borrow half a crown from John Coachman to pay for our entrance into the palace of delight. Now you see, Bob, why I could not treat you on that 2nd of January when we drove to the palace together ; when the girls and boys were sliding on the ponds at Dulwich ; when the darkling river was full of floating ice, and the sun was like a warming-pan in the leaden sky.

One more Christmas sight we had, of course ; and that

sight I think I like as well as Bob himself at Christmas, and at all seasons. We went to a certain garden of delight, where, whatever your cares are, I think you can manage to forget some of them, and muse, and be not unhappy ; to a garden beginning with a Z, which is as lively as Noah's ark ; where the fox has brought his brush, and the cock has brought his comb, and the elephant has brought his trunk, and the kangaroo has brought his bag, and the condor his old white wig and black satin hood. On this day it was so cold that the white bears winked their pink eyes, as they plapped up and down by their pool, and seemed to say, ' Aha, this weather reminds us of dear home ! ' ' Cold ! bah ! I have got such a warm coat,' says brother Bruin, ' I don't mind ; ' and he laughs on his pole, and clucks down a bun. The squealing hyenas gnashed their teeth and laughed at us quite refreshingly at their window ; and, cold as it was, Tiger, Tiger, burning bright, glared at us red-hot through his bars, and snorted blasts of hell. The woolly camel leered at us quite kindly as he paced round his ring on his silent pads. We went to our favourite places. Our dear wambat came up, and had himself scratched very affably. Our fellow-creatures in the monkey-room held out their little black hands, and piteously asked us for Christmas alms. Those darling alligators on their rock winked at us in the most friendly way. The solemn eagles sat alone, and scowled at us from their peaks ; whilst little Tom Ratel tumbled over head and heels for us in his usual diverting manner. If I have cares in my mind, I come to the Zoo, and fancy they don't pass the gate. I recognize my friends, my enemies, in countless cages. I entertained the eagle, the vulture, the old billy-goat, and the black-pated, crimson-necked, blear-eyed, baggy, hook-beaked, old marabou stork yesterday, at dinner ; and when Bob's aunt came to tea in the

evening, and asked him what he had seen, he stepped up to her gravely, and said—

‘ First I saw the white bear, then I saw the black,
Then I saw the camel with a hump upon his back.

Chorus of } Then I saw the camel with a HUMP upon his back !
Children. }

Then I saw the grey wolf, with mutton in his maw ;

Then I saw the wambat, waddle in the straw ;

Then I saw the elephant, with his waving trunk,

Then I saw the monkeys—mercy, how unpleasantly
they—smelt ! ’

There. No one can beat that piece of wit, can he, Bob ?
And so it is all over ; but we had a jolly time, whilst you
were with us, hadn’t we ? Present my respects to the
doctor ; and I hope, my boy, we may spend another merry
Christmas next year.

THE END OF THE PLAY

THE play is done ; the curtain drops,
Slow falling, to the prompter's bell :
A moment yet the actor stops,
And looks around, to say farewell.
It is an irksome word and task ;
And when he's laughed and said his say,
He shows, as he removes the mask,
A face that's anything but gay.

One word, ere yet the evening ends,
Let's close it with a parting rhyme,
And pledge a hand to all young friends,
As fits the merry Christmas-time.
On life's wide scene you, too, have parts,
That Fate ere long shall bid you play ;
Good night ! with honest gentle hearts
A kindly greeting go away !

Good-night ! I'd say : the griefs, the joys,
Just hinted in this mimic page,
The triumphs and defeats of boys,
Are but repeated in our age.
I'd say, your woes were not less keen,
Your hopes more vain, than those of men ;
Your pangs or pleasures of fifteen,
At forty-five played o'er again.

I'd say, we suffer and we strive
Not less nor more as men than boys ;
With grizzled beards at forty-five,
As erst at twelve, in corduroys.

And if, in time of sacred youth,
 We learned at home to love and pray,
 Pray Heaven, that early Love and Truth
 May never wholly pass away.

And in the world, as in the school,
 I'd say, how fate may change and shift;
 The prize be sometimes with the fool,
 The race not always to the swift.
 The strong may yield, the good may fall,
 The great man be a vulgar clown,
 The knave be lifted over all,
 The kind cast pitilessly down.

Who knows the inscrutable design?
 Blessed be He Who took and gave:
 Why should your mother, Charles, not mine
 Be weeping at her darling's grave?¹
 We bow to Heaven that will'd it so,
 That darkly rules the fate of all,
 That sends the respite or the blow,
 That's free to give or to recall.

This crowns his feast with wine and wit:
 Who brought him to that mirth and state?
 His betters, see, below him sit,
 Or hunger hopeless at the gate.
 Who bade the mud from Dives' wheel
 To spurn the rags of Lazarus?
 Come, brother, in that dust we'll kneel,
 Confessing Heaven that ruled it thus.

So each shall mourn in life's advance,
 Dear hopes, dear friends, untimely killed;
 Shall grieve for many a forfeit chance,
 A longing passion unfulfilled.

¹ C. B., ob., Dec. 1843, aet. 42.

Amen : whatever Fate be sent,—
Pray God the heart may kindly glow,
Although the head with cares be bent,
And whitened with the winter-snow.

Come wealth or want, come good or ill,
Let young and old accept their part,
And bow before the Awful Will,
And bear it with an honest heart.
Who misses, or who wins the prize?
Go, lose or conquer as you can :
But if you fail, or if you rise,
Be each, pray God, a gentleman.

A gentleman, or old or young !
(Bear kindly with my humble lays)
The sacred chorus first was sung
Upon the first of Christmas days.
The shepherds heard it overhead—
The joyful angels raised it then :
Glory to heaven on high, it said,
And peace on earth to gentle men.

My song, save this, is little worth ;
I lay the weary pen aside,
And wish you health, and love, and birth,
As fits the solemn Christmas-tide.
As fits the holy Christmas birth,
Be this, good friends, our carol still—
Be peace on earth, be peace on earth,
To men of gentle will.

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